

McMahon's total plan for peace

Senator Brien McMahon (D., Conn.) chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, is beginning to get results from his challenging September 18 address to the Senate on "Atomic Weapons and the National Defense." Robert A. Lovett, the new Secretary of Defense, devoted most of his first press conference on September 25 to the Senator's demand that his department spend annually six times as much as it is now spending on atomic weapons. While Mr. Lovett's carefully-phrased reply that "we share many of the Senator's hopes for the future and we are working hard to make them a reality" could not have been wholly satisfying to the Senator, at least it was a reply. We have yet to hear from Senator Tom Connally (D., Texas), to whose Foreign Relations Committee the Senator submitted a significant resolution. It grew out of the last third of his address, which was devoted to what he called "the crucial half of a total plan for peace." It is nothing short of shameful that the newspapers, preoccupied as ever with the sensational, practically ignored the constructive part of the Senator's address. While he called for "massive atomic deterring power," it was only to "win years of grace, years in which to wrench history from its present course." The Senator himself is "horrified at the final implications of the atomic arms race." His resolution therefore urges Congress to recommend that the UN General Assembly this year "devote itself to the single purpose of stopping the armament race." Co-sponsors were Senators Fulbright, Morse, Sparkman, Hendrickson, Gillette, Hill, Benton, Lehman, Moody and Murray. If, like the Senator and ourselves, you are horrified "at the final implications of the atomic arms race," write or wire Senator Connally your request that his committee act on the resolution before Congress adjourns.

Beefing up the defense act

There is a fair chance that two of the worse clauses in the 1951 Defense Production Act will be repealed or tightened before Congress goes home, and before they can do much damage. Responding to a Presidential appeal, and even more to public opinion, the Senate Banking Committee voted on September 20 to change the Capehart Amendment and to repeal the clause limiting imports of butter and cheese. The latter provision, if permitted to remain in the law, would just about doom U. S. efforts to knock down barriers to world trade. Openly discriminating against a half-dozen friendly nations, it has already raised havoc with the current meeting at Geneva of the contracting parties to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (AM. 9/29, p. 615). The Capehart Amendment, by permitting businessmen to pass along every conceivable cost increase to the consumer, threatened to make a farce of price controls. As approved by the Banking Committee (over the protest of the National Association of Manufacturers) the proposed substitute would limit the costs that may be passed along. The Office of Price Stabilization, in adjusting price

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ceilings, would be instructed to make allowances only for "changes in necessary and unavoidable costs, including labor, material and transportation costs." Most businessmen will agree, we think, that this is fair enough. The Committee vote on this substitute largely followed party lines, which indicates that it has a fair chance to become law. The Republican-Southern Democrat coalition may not be able to function. The prospect for repealing the mischievous butter-and-cheese amendment looks even better. The farm bloc went too far on that one.

Federal aid for medical schools

In early October the Senate will consider a bill providing Federal aid to medical, dental, nursing and osteopathic schools. Do our professional health-training institutions need help from the Federal Government? It seems so. Medical education, for example, costs about \$2,000 per student annually, whereas tuition pays, on the average, only one-fourth of this cost. Dental students pay about one-third of the \$1,500 their training costs every year. At present we are graduating about 5,700 physicians annually, and only 2,700 dentists. About 60,000 nurses get their diplomas or degrees every year. At this rate it is conservatively estimated that by 1960 we shall face a deficit of at least 10,000 doctors, 5,000 dentists and 100,000 professional nurses. These figures do not take into account a number of factors leading to possibly acute shortages, such as our increasing and aging population and military and civil-defense needs. Facilities for closing the gap are nonexistent. The money needed to expand health-training centers is lacking to both State and private institutions. The Federal-aid bill, approved in committee on September 21, is the bipartisan answer. It would apportion \$200 per student to each of the seventy-nine recognized medical schools annually, and offer a bonus of \$1,000 a year for each student over the average enrolment. It would grant scholarships and a fraction of construction costs for expansion of health-training centers. Most leading medical educators, Catholic and non-Catholic, back this bill.

Another aspect to the refugee problem

When Queen Juliana of the Netherlands appealed to President Truman on September 21 to take the lead in a new international effort for the resettlement

of refugees, she did a dual service. She reminded us that the work of the International Refugee Organization will grind to a close in three short months and that when it does thousands upon thousands of potential allies will be left stranded in an atmosphere of frustration and bitterness. An instructive and alarming example of this is given by the treatment now accorded to the refugees who escape from behind the Iron Curtain. Conservative estimates judge that 1,400 a month escape from East Germany, Soviet Austria and the Trieste gateway. Once they get into the free West, they find that they have violated the law by crossing borders. The majority are clapped into jail, mainly because local authorities don't know what else to do with them under already crowded conditions, and the Western military authorities have no clear directive on how to treat them. The majority of these escapees are young men whose most frequently expressed wish is to join the Western military forces and fight communism. Instead, they are treated like fugitives from justice, and the lack of clearly thought-out policy is creating a wave of resentment among them. The irony is that under the 1951 draft act 12,500 aliens can be received abroad for induction into the U. S. Army. Nothing is being done to fill this quota, which would make use of and give hope to those who would be most valuable allies. IRO's end will give rise to a huge international headache. Here is a smaller one that easily can, and should, be alleviated now.

The Pope speaks to French parents

U. S. reporting of the Pope's address on September 18 to a group of French parents seems to have yielded somewhat to sensationalism. Headlines played up such slogans as "Pontiff condemns literature on sex." As a matter of fact, the Pope's remarks on this topic were set in the larger framework of the duties of fathers to defend the purity and stability of the family. These duties entail "the defense and promotion of the family's sacred rights, particularly regarding fulfillment of its obligations toward God and establishment of a Christian society in the full meaning of the word." Fathers can promote these rights if they "demand from society, whether it be considered a civic, a political or a cultural body, at least the means indispensable to their being freely exercised."

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Among those essentials, the Pope listed the indissolubility of marriage, protection of life before birth, suitable housing, full freedom of parents to educate children according to their conscience, and conditions of public life which will preserve the family and especially the young from corruption. The matter of sex education was but one of the dangers the Pope underlined. What was notable in the Holy Father's remarks was that he warned Catholic authors of the growing trend to minimize the supernatural ideals and motives which alone can give sex instruction its proper tone. Although American Catholics have not, to our knowledge, dealt with sexual morality apart from its supernatural context, the warning is always in order—especially in regard to pre-marital instructions.

Modish and modest

Create the demand and somebody will create the supply. That is the premise on which SDS (Supply the Demand for the Supply) operates. The demand that the founders of SDS want to create is a demand for women's clothing that is stylish without being sensual, decent but not dowdy, that is modish and modest. SDS is an organization of Catholic women students in college and high school. They operate through "fashion caravans" which tour the schools of a particular area demonstrating the compatibility of good morals and good style. Where possible, they try to have some of the bigger stores show their fashions. The *Catholic Home Journal* for January, 1950, carried an article describing the work of the Seton High School group in Cincinnati. More recently, Religious News Service for September 20 tells of the success of SDS in New Orleans and Cleveland. In St. Louis twelve stores are cooperating. At the moment, SDS is putting on a drive in Chicago under the auspices of Chicago Inter-Student Catholic Action. If, as some civic leaders have asserted (*AM.* 12/31/49, p. 379), there is a connection between the rise of sex crime and uninhibited styles in women's dress, SDS is promoting not only private but public morality.

Latin America at the crossroads

Discussing Latin America's future in the Bogotá (Colombia) monthly, *Revista Javeriana*, for September, Rev. Felix Restrepo, S.J., its editor, looks to an eventual period of great prosperity for the countries south of the Rio Grande. Their population, he notes, has grown extraordinarily. A happy future for these southern countries depends, in the author's opinion, upon three major conditions: 1) preservation of their Catholic unity, and especially liberation from the invasion of "laicist" secularism; 2) widespread education, especially religious education, of the masses; and 3) the development of a genuine Christian social sense in the coming generation, to offset the selfishness which at present governs so much of the economic life of the world. Father Restrepo observes:

The day that America's great agricultural, industrial and commercial developments are organ-

ized with a view not to exploiting the toil of the weak in order to enrich the mighty, but with the intention of raising the level of the life of our people—not denying themselves a moderate and lawful profit, but placing the common good ahead of unlimited self-enrichment—that day will see the dawn of genuine Christianity within the boundaries of our continent. Class warfare will come to an end, underprivileged peoples will see their miserable condition improved, and our generation will give an example of how a people who follow the doctrine of Jesus Christ as the basis of its actions and undertakings can achieve a genuine prosperity.

The big decision that now faces enterprises and agencies planning vast investments in the manifold wealth of Latin America is whether their aim is basically the promotion of the "common good," with only a "moderate and lawful profit," or a policy of "limitless personal self-enrichment." The future of the northern, quite as much as that of the southern, half of the Western Hemisphere, depends in great measure on that choice.

Australia rejects anti-Communist amendment

In a national referendum on September 22, the Australian electorate rejected Premier Robert Gordon Menzies' anti-Communist amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Menzies' Liberal-Country Party Government had passed a drastic anti-Communist law on October 10, 1950, which the Australian High Court, on March 9, 1951, held to be invalid. The September 22 referendum was meant to give the Government the powers needed to repass the law. As of September 24 the results, with some three-quarters of the votes counted, stood: against the amendment, 2,072,793; for it, 1,959,377. The amendment gained a popular majority in Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania, but failed of a majority in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. Since an amendment must gain both a popular majority and a majority in four of the six States, Mr. Menzies failed on both counts to add to the Government's already wide powers.

... and the problem remains

The Menzies amendment, like the 1950 anti-Communist law, was bitterly opposed by the Labor party. Sections of right-wing Labor, however, were loath to give any comfort to the Communists, while many Liberals felt that the amendment would give too great and ill-defined a power to the Government. The 1950 law, giving wide powers to the Government to dissolve the Communist party, expel Communists from union office, etc., defined a Communist as "a person who supports or advocates the objectives, policies, teachings, principles or practices of communism as expounded by Marx and Lenin." Since scholars disagree on what Marx-Leninism means, this phraseology seemed to use "Communist" in a vague sense. An NC dispatch from Melbourne on September 17 noted that the Labor party, which is anti-Communist, had nevertheless been delinquent in allowing the Reds to

entrench themselves strongly in the trade unions. Other reports seem to indicate that the Liberals have not been firm enough in dealing with the rising cost of living, a weakness which the Communists have done their best to exploit. Positive and constructive social action is again proved to be an essential concomitant of any anti-Communist offensive.

Minneapolis did it

Why force into slums thousands of citizens whom you will only have to put on public relief? When a nurse, or a doctor, means the difference between life and death, why exclude good candidates or reject professional services on racial grounds? When good schoolteachers are needed, why bar a fine teacher because of the color of her skin? Why incur the economic and human waste, the grave social and political danger, of racial and religious prejudice? The people of Minneapolis recently asked themselves these and a dozen similar questions, according to Clive Howard in the *Woman's Home Companion* for October. The questions led to a Community Self Survey, originated and worked out by the Race Relations Department of the American Missionary Association (Protestant) at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. The survey was made by a group of some four hundred persons, mostly women, without histrionics. They were encouraged by the clergy, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. The survey's basic assumption, according to Dr. Herman Long of Fisk University, its director, was that most Americans are fundamentally decent and will do the right thing when the issue is clearly laid before them. As a result, says Mr. Howard, Minneapolis, which five years ago was "noted for its cruel barriers against Negroes, Japanese-Americans, Indians and Mexicans," has become one of the cities in the nation most free from racial bigotry and its concomitant evils. Industries, residential districts, stores, schools at all levels and hospitals reflect the change. The lesson is that countless other communities in the United States large and small, where conditions prevail similar to those Minneapolis once experienced, can use this kind of remedy and achieve similar results. It's much easier in the short run to complain about social problems than to tackle them. In the long run only remedial measures are worth while.

AFL in San Francisco

This year's AFL convention, which met in San Francisco, produced only a modest budget of news. There were the usual speeches by prominent civic and political figures. There was Secretary-Treasurer George Meany's report, confirming what everybody knew, that the AFL is bigger today than it has ever been before. (As of August, 31 international affiliates were paying per capita dues of three cents a month—next year it will be four cents—on 7,846,245 members.) As usual a few jurisdictional problems ruffled the serenity of the delegates and, again as usual, an effort was made to settle them without generating too big

a disturbance. For the umpteenth time William Green was re-elected president. Strong words were uttered on the need for political action. Under the leadership of James K. McDevitt, who was named to succeed Joseph Keenan as director of the League for Political Education, the convention planned to raise a war-chest for the 1952 campaign. This will be done voluntarily, with each member, it is hoped, donating one dollar. A similar drive in 1948 netted less than \$400,000. The convention reiterated its condemnation of Soviet imperialism and pledged again its full support to the Atlantic Pact and the national defense effort. It gave no comfort to those timid conservatives who fear that the fight against communism is endangering the economy. The only really difficult question before the delegates was what to do about the CIO. Having destroyed the *operating* unity represented by the shortlived United Labor Policy Committee, the AFL was ready for some approach to *organic* unity. But what kind of approach? The delegates finally approved a unity resolution and instructed the executive council to initiate negotiations. That puts the next move up to the CIO, which will soon be in convention in New York.

UNESCO aids foreign subscribers

Barriers existing between different countries as a result of different national currencies cause serious hardships in the cultural field. Postwar Germany, for instance, has been badly handicapped by the difficulty of arranging for the purchase of educational, scientific or literary material outside of Germany. On the other hand, publishers in the United States were perplexed for a long time to know what to say to German correspondents who wanted to buy American books or subscribe to American periodicals. To meet this and kindred difficulties, UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization), has devised a plan of coupons by which institutions and individuals in UNESCO member states can acquire publications from other countries. *AMERICA's* editors feel that our readers may like to have this information. In each participating country coupons will be sold to users against national currency and an address is designated where they may be bought. For instance, a West German wishing to subscribe to *AMERICA* or the *Catholic Mind* will purchase the equivalent in Deutschmarks of \$8.50 for the former, or \$3.50 for the latter, from *Notgemeinschaft der deutschen Wissenschaft, Buechelstrasse 55, Bad Godesberg, Rhld.* The coupon plan also works in reverse: Americans can now more easily purchase books and periodicals from other lands. Full information can be obtained from UNESCO Clearing House for Publications, 19 Avenue Kléber, Paris, XVI, France. An outgrowth of the book-coupon plan is the attractive scheme of UNESCO Gift Coupons, which greatly facilitates our providing educational and scientific equipment for foreign schools and institutions. Readers are recommended to write to the UNESCO Gift Coupon Office, United Nations, N. Y.

FRENCH SCHOOL POLICY

"France is a republic, indivisible, secular, democratic, and social." So reads Art. 1 of Title 1 of the 1946 Constitution of the French Republic.

On September 10 of this year the National Assembly, by a clear majority of 322 to 251, decided to extend public aid to the parents of about 1.4 million pupils (out of a school population of 4.43 million) attending Catholic schools. The state funds will be allotted directly to associations of parents.

The American press, secular and Protestant, has described this rectification of the discriminatory, anti-religious educational policy of France as a clear violation of the principle of "separation of Church and State." The *Christian Science Monitor*, which has consistently refused to deal with the question of Federal aid to education in this country on the basis of justice, warns Americans not to follow the French example. "To adopt such a precedent in the United States," it declares editorially in its issue for September 14, "would weaken the premise that education is the function of the state and divide that function among contending denominations."

Is *religious* education the function of the state? Or doesn't the *Monitor* believe that education should include religious instruction? The *Monitor* makes secularistic assumptions and then argues from them, instead of analyzing its own premise.

The *Christian Century* for September 19 now questions (at this late hour) the constitutionality of the GI bill of rights under which ex-servicemen enjoyed educational benefits at Federal expense without interference with their right to prefer a denominational to a secular college. It also warns us not to follow the French example.

In practice, the state has to side with one type of education or the other: *secularized* education, supported by public funds and imposing economic hardships on believers in religious education; or *democratic* education, including religious education for those who prefer it. How religionists satisfy their consciences by plumping for a state monopoly through a completely secularistic system of schooling is hard to understand.

In France the issue is crystal-clear. Ever since the Revolution the state has been a weapon which Masonic anti-clericals and secularistic Socialists have used to impose their lay morality and lay religion on the people of France. They have used economic and political coercion to *establish* "the religion of democracy." They have tried to destroy, through the power of the state, the religious foundations of French democracy. The new school policy is obviously a change in favor of religious freedom and true democracy.

We are today engaged in a global struggle between atheistic materialism and the remnants of Christian civilization. One might expect true democrats to welcome a relaxation in laws which have hampered the most dependable anti-Communist forces in Europe: the Christian democrats. R. C. H.

WASHINGTON FRONT

The solemn splendor of the name of Guy George Gabrielson has been dimmed a little in recent days. Mr. Gabrielson is chairman of the Republican National Committee. His party's leaders for months have expressed shocked dismay at repeated disclosures that the friendly nod of high Democratic party politicians has opened the till to favored borrowers at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. On alternate days they chuckled gleefully at being presented an issue of Government corruption negotiable in the 1952 election campaign.

But suddenly it was discovered that Guy George Gabrielson, too, had been making with soft words at the RFC, all in behalf of a company he heads as president. The company received an \$18.5 million RFC loan and Mr. Gabrielson was discussing the possibility of an extension of the loan with agency heads.

Up rose Republican Senator John Williams of Delaware to view Mr. Gabrielson with alarm. Other Republican Senators joined him.

Mr. Gabrielson insisted he had done nothing whatever wrong. Certainly his approaches to the RFC seemed pallid, indeed, compared to the disclosures of activities of various Truman Administration figures. Also, a Republican probably wouldn't have much influence at the RFC anyway. But the point is that Mr. Gabrielson has put in jeopardy what his party had looked upon as one of its juiciest issues next year. Just when the GOP was sure the activities of Democratic Chairman William Boyle should be good for a couple of million votes, its own chairman's name blew into the big headlines. No matter how innocent Mr. Gabrielson may be, this is the stuff of which campaign speeches are made.

There is no question whatever that there has been a growing public cynicism about the operations of the RFC in the last two or three years. The Senate Investigating Committee headed by Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas did an honest job of exposing shoddy RFC loan methods to public view. And back in 1949 the Hoover Commission on government reorganization said:

Direct lending by the Government to persons or enterprises opens up dangerous possibilities of waste and favoritism to individuals or enterprises. It invites political and private pressure or even corruption.

There's no doubt of the immense usefulness of the RFC in the Depression Thirties and during World War II. Despite much talk and some bills in Congress to abolish the agency, Congress hasn't been willing to do anything in this direction. But the agency's present boss, Stuart Symington, will have to do a lot of rehabilitating before the recent nastiness is forgotten.

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

An AMERICA editorial of Sept. 8 mentioned the availability in pamphlet form of the Christophers' sex-education scripts for parents. The distributors inform us that they have been "inundated" with requests for copies. The scripts are offered at cost by the American Social Hygiene Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Prices: 25c each; \$2.50 per dozen; \$20 per hundred; \$175 per thousand. Add shipping charges.

► Study theme of the year for the Alumnae Association of the College of New Rochelle will be "The Catholic Alumna serves Church and State." About 4,500 members in 33 nation-wide chapters plan home and group study "to clarify the thinking of women on relations between Church and State so that they may make maximum use of their potentialities to serve and defend both."

► On the Feast of Christ the King, the James J. Hoey awards, given annually by the Catholic Interracial Council of New York to a white and a Negro leader in the field of race relations, will be presented to Mrs. Roger L. Putnam and Dr. Francis M. Hammond. Mrs. Putnam, of Springfield, Mass., founded Catholic Scholarships for Negroes, to "promote, encourage, develop and increase the education of Negroes, particularly in Catholic schools, colleges and universities." Dr. Hammond is head of the philosophy department of Seton Hall University, Orange, N. J.

► High Mass was sung in a weaving room of the Ernest Turner Mills, Derby, England, Sept. 8. The mill is run according to the principles of *Rerum Novarum*, and was celebrating its dedication to Our Lady of the Factory.

► Since its foundation thirteen years ago by Gregory J. Deck, the Catholic Pamphlet Society of the Diocese of Buffalo has distributed more than 2 million booklets. Today there are some 350 pamphlet racks in churches, schools and institutions throughout the diocese, serviced by hundreds of volunteer workers. A bi-monthly bulletin, *Pamphlet News*, is sent to interested persons. Address: 1 Delaware Ave., Buffalo 2, N. Y.

► The dispute about Catholic teachers in religious garb in New Mexico's public schools (AM. 7/23/48; 11/27/48; 3/26/49) has been settled by the State Supreme Court. No "blanket" injunction was directed against religious, but 124 were barred from the classrooms on the grounds that they taught religion. A similar injunction against 15 others was dropped.

► "Crossroads," a center for Catholic students from mission lands, opened Sept. 29 in Chicago. The house is directed by the Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions, which places "teams" of lay missionaries at the disposal of mission bishops. "Crossroads," the first American center, is at 5621 S. Blackstone, Chicago 37.

R. V. L.

The persuasive General from Saigon

General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, French High Commissioner in Indo-China, arrived in the United States on September 13 with a twofold mission. He had to convince the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretary of State and the President 1) that France was fighting the same war in Indo-China as the UN in Korea and 2) that, unless promised military equipment was forthcoming in a hurry, there was danger that the Red aggression would spill over into the rest of Southeast Asia.

General de Lattre's ardor and sincerity reportedly captivated the President. The State and Defense Departments also found him persuasive. On September 24 they announced that Washington was in complete agreement that "the successful defense of Indo-China is of great importance to the defense of Southeast Asia." They promised the General his critically needed equipment before the winter.

Indo-China has long been a thorny problem in the side of the West. From the very beginning it has been clear that the struggle there has been against Communist-inspired insurgents. French motives have not been equally clear. Were the French striving to perpetuate their colonial hold on the country? If they were, then it would have been an extremely risky business for the United States to cooperate with the French effort. On the other hand, we had to make a choice. Southeast Asia was too important to the free world for us to let the Reds pluck it.

General de Lattre had to convince Americans that France's purpose in Indo-China was not colonial. Speaking before the National Press Club in Washington, he stated:

It is essential to understand that the war in Indo-China is not today what it appeared to be five years ago. One does not always realize it because the evolution has been constant. That is why we have granted independence to the States of Indo-China without the rest of the world realizing it and that is why we have been suspected of wanting to take it back while we are there only to support it.

The General referred to a belated agreement made at Pau, France, last November, which transferred a limited sovereignty to Viet Nam (where most of the fighting has occurred), Laos and Cambodia as the Associated States of Indo-China. Under the dual impact of United States pressure and the ever present threat of a Chinese invasion from the north, the French granted Indo-China a sovereignty which at best can be described as limited economic and political freedom in internal affairs.

The only catchword which has ever meant anything to the people of Viet Nam is *complete independence*. Up to the General's arrival in Indo-China last December, the majority of the people preferred to play the game of watchful waiting. Not convinced

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that the war was their war, they preferred to straddle the fence. As Bishop Ngo Dinh Thuc pointed out in *Worldmission* last February, even Catholics (Indo-China is the second largest Catholic country in the Orient) could not in conscience support Bao Dai's regime.

The Government thwarts the interests and welfare of the people... It offers no opportunity to fight communism... The upshot is that Catholics, together with the great majority of the people, seek to follow an in-between course... Would that responsible leaders in Europe and America could have understood in time!

De Lattre claims that he has won over the people with his assurances that the old colonialism is dead. For our part we would rather see the return to Viet Nam of such statesmen as Nguyen Hu Tri, former Governor of North Viet Nam, and the Catholic Ngo Dinh Dziem, former Premier and brother of the Bishop. These men have preferred voluntary exile to cooperation with French domination of Indo-China.

Unquestionably we must support the French military effort if Southeast Asia is to be made secure against Red aggression. We can only hope that General de Lattre is not being carried away by his own enthusiasm when he states that the Vietnamese are at last rallying to Bao Dai and that they recognize France's war against Ho Chi Minh as "their war."

Britons to the polls

For most Americans the chief interest in the current British election campaign lies in the field of foreign policy. The Labor Government has for the most part warmly collaborated with the United States in meeting the grim postwar threat posed by Soviet imperialism. Despite some very articulate opposition in its own ranks, led by Aneurin Bevan, the Labor Government has stoutly undertaken a rearmament program that can only mean multiplied hardships and a lower standard of living for all classes of Britons. Notwithstanding Soviet threats and blandishments, it has shown no disposition to relax the British effort or to essay the tempting but unrealistic role of mediating between Russia and the United States. In the event the Labor party is beaten at the polls on October 25, will the Conservatives, under Winston Churchill's leadership, display the same fortitude and constancy?

There is every reason to believe that they will. During the difficult months which have elapsed since the narrow Labor victory in February, 1950, the two parties have been constantly at sword-point on do-

mestic issues. On foreign policy they have not differed appreciably. The Conservatives have been grumpy, it is true, over Mr. Attlee's alleged tendency to play second fiddle to the Americans, as well as over other manifestations of Britain's reduced stature in the post-war world. This griping need not be taken too seriously. If Mr. Churchill returns to power, he will be careful not to weaken U. S.-British ties, and he will certainly not, in the spirit of nineteenth-century Tory colonialism, order the Royal Air Force to bomb some sense into the undisciplined Persians.

Because of the high degree of unity in Britain on foreign policy, Americans can follow the current election campaign with an interest and sympathy free from any grave anxiety. If the Conservatives win, the Republican-Southern Democrat coalition may look more benevolently on Administration requests for aid to Britain, which will have the effect of strengthening the united effort of the Atlantic Pact nations to rearm. On the other hand, a Conservative regime may find it much more difficult than did the Labor Government to impose further belt-tightening on the British masses. That may somewhat weaken the rearmament drive. In any case we can be sure that His Majesty's new Government, along with the loyal opposition, will continue to pull its weight better than any of our other allies.

Wallace on China: who's fooling whom?

Some of this country's most prominent citizens have got themselves tangled in a four-cornered imbroglio in which it looks as if nearly all of them have already been pretty badly hurt. The controversy centers on Henry A. Wallace's 1944 report to President Roosevelt on his mission to Chiang Kai-shek.

In round one, Louis Budenz, former Communist, testified before the Senate Internal Security (or McCarran) Committee on August 22-23 that John Carter Vincent, State Department careerist, and Owen Lattimore were regarded at least as pro-Communist. Since these two men accompanied Mr. Wallace on his mission, the inference has become a commonplace that they "used" him to funnel into the White House the pro-Communist line on Chiang.

In round two, Joseph Alsop, widely syndicated Washington columnist, unleashed three uppercuts in the direction of Mr. Budenz and the McCarran committee in his columns for September 10, 12 and 14. Rather repetitiously and with gallery-exciting wind-ups, Mr. Alsop flashed on his victims what he called "this much whispered about, never before published Wallace report on China . . ." Actually, he published only three paragraphs of the "report." They were enough, however, to prove that Mr. Wallace had urged Mr. Roosevelt, in accordance with Chiang's request, to assign "an American general officer" as the President's personal representative to Chiang, with complete political and military authority over

American policy and movements in China. Mr. Wallace, in fact, named pro-Chiang Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer as one "recommended to me" for this all-important post. According to Mr. Alsop, the Wallace "report" was entirely anti-Communist and pro-Chiang. Since Mr. Vincent had shared in framing it, where did that leave Louis Budenz?

In round three (omitting a skirmish in the Senate), Alfred Kohlberg, dubbed the "one-man China lobby," jumped into the ring with a form letter, dated September 17, climbed all over Mr. Alsop and brashly declared: "Vice President Wallace's recommendations amounted to: 1) replace Stilwell with Wedemeyer; 2) Chiang must go." In enclosures he stubbornly stuck to his old story: "In short, the Wallace reports were pro-Communist . . . Furthermore, both Mr. Vincent and Secretary Acheson deny that Vincent had anything to do with them . . ."

In round four, Henry Wallace, presumably the only one who knew all about his own "reports," threw a haymaker from his farmstead at South Salem, New York. He wrote President Truman a lengthy letter explaining the details of his mission, including Mr. Vincent's connection with his "reports" and Mr. Lattimore's non-connection with them. He enclosed the full texts of two different cables he had sent President Roosevelt from New Delhi on June 28, 1944, and of the "formal report" he personally delivered in writing to the President on July 10, 1944.

Mr. Truman sent the whole caboodle to the Senate and released it all to the press. The *New York Times* carried everything in full on September 24—except the "formal report." Senator Herbert R. O'Connor (D., Md.) had released the latter as long ago as January 18, 1950, and the *Times* had published the full text the next day. A summary of the Wallace-Chiang conversations of June 21-24, 1944, as reported by Mr. Vincent, had appeared in the *United States Relations with China* (the White Paper) in August, 1949. All the relevant documents have thus been spread on the record. The confusion about exactly what "report" Mr. Alsop was referring to, and Mr. Vincent's connection with it, has been cleared up—for anyone willing to accept Mr. Wallace's word.

Mr. Wallace revealed that Mr. Vincent had "joined in the advance discussions of the projected cable" from New Delhi and that he had "concurred" in the "cables." Vincent certainly does not appear pro-Communist, since the cables cannot fairly be so described. Owen Lattimore is revealed as something of a nonentity on the policy-making side of the mission.

On the other hand, for Mr. Alsop to dismiss the delineation of Chiang in these cables simply as a "friendly reference" is most misleading. The cables set forth all of Chiang's alleged faults and weaknesses. Neither is there anything in the cables that Alsop had any right to describe as a "warm recommendation" of Wedemeyer. Had Alsop actually seen the full text? One wonders.

Nor is Mr. Kohlberg's curt summary of Wallace's

recommendation—"Chiang must go"—borne out by the actual text of the "formal report," published twenty months ago. Wallace wrote that there was "no alternative to support of Chiang," although he is "at best, a short-term investment." The then Vice President looked forward to a coalition, not of Nationalists and Communists, but of "progressive banking and commercial leaders," of the "large group of Western-trained men" and "the considerable group of generals and other officers who are neither subservient to the landlords nor afraid of the peasantry." Chiang, if he measured up, could head this new coalition. Wallace was pretty well convinced he would not measure up.

Mr. Wallace created a surprise by stating:

However, the strongest influence on me in preparing the final report of July 10 was my recollection of the analyses offered me by our then Ambassador to China, Clarence E. Gauss, who later occupied one of the Republican places on the Export-Import Bank Board.

Many passages critical of Chiang could be taken out of context in the cables and report, but they are balanced by passages revealing a sincere interest in using American means to save the Nationalists, if that could be done. From the "formal report" it is demonstrably false to say, as Mr. Kohlberg does, that Wallace's counsel amounted to "Chiang must go." Such oversimplification is almost unintelligible.

The Nationalist situation seems, in fact, to have been practically irretrievable. Wallace, with Vincent's help, explained why, without giving up hope but also without really seeing what was in store for China. Does that make a person "pro-Communist"?

Regarding the criticisms of Chiang and the analyses of why his position had become so undermined, the only fair question is whether such criticisms and analyses were *true*. If we have reached a point where a person is to be stigmatized as pro-Communist for telling the truth, even about our friends, we might just as well give up trying to form a rational foreign policy.

The Reds could entrap us at Paris

Just a year ago we expressed our concern over a draft code of "Offenses against the Peace and Security of Mankind" prepared but kept "restricted" by the UN International Law Commission. How large, we asked, was the part played by Communists and Communist sympathizers in its drafting? We inquired because, two years previously, the Soviets had tried to have the crime of genocide in just such a code, instead of in a separate convention. If they had succeeded, they would not have been liable under the code for their own patented form of genocide, which they perpetrate in times of "peace." But they failed (AM. 11/4/50, p. 126), and on December 9, 1948, the UN Assembly adopted a separate Genocide Convention at Paris. It has since been ratified by thirty-two nations, but not by the United States.

Meanwhile, twelve members of the International Law Commission completed the final draft of their code of offenses. Remarkably enough, though no Iron Curtain experts participated, the crime of genocide is included in the code. It deals, besides, with such touchy matters as incitement to war, preparations for war, arms, military training, location of armed forces, and fortifications. The document has already been placed on the agenda of the UN Assembly, which begins November 6 at Paris.

Normally, such legal drafts are submitted to member governments for one year of study. This has not been done in the case of the completed code. Why this reluctance to let the governments study the code before submission to the Assembly?

The Lithuanian-American Council and the Polish-American Congress think they have one answer. They charge that Section 5 of Article 1 was deliberately designed to outlaw their efforts to assist the Lithuanian and Polish undergrounds. They likewise charge that Vespasian V. Pella, mysterious ex-envoy of Rumania's notorious Anna Pauker, inspired this section.

A. M. Rosenthal, for the *New York Times*, and Peter Kihss, for the *Herald Tribune*, interviewed Mr. Pella September 21 about his part in drafting the questionable code. Mr. Pella "bitterly denied" that the code was meant as a blow at liberation movements. He also declared that the code was not based on his opinions but was largely the work of a Greek expert, Prof. J. Spiropoulos.

Let us see. Section 5 of the completed code outlaws:

The undertaking or encouragement, by the authorities of a state, of terrorist activities in another state, or the *toleration by the authorities* of a state, of organized activities calculated to carry out terrorist acts in another state.

The Lithuanian-Americans and the Polish-Americans proudly admit their guilt under this section, and claim that if the code were adopted, the United States could be found guilty of tolerating their activities.

What of Mr. Pella's assertion that the code was "not based on his opinions"? On November 24, 1950 the UN published a 216-page basic memorandum on this code by Vespasian V. Pella. No. 122, p. 157, reads:

Acts of terrorism affecting international relations. Under the code it should be a punishable act to incite, encourage or *tolerate* activities designed to spread terror among the population in the territory of another state.

The give-away is the presence in both drafts of the key word "tolerate." Why such modesty, Mr. Pella?

The Lithuanian-Americans and the Polish-Americans demand that the draft code be taken off the agenda of the Paris Assembly in order to give the United States and its allies time to study its provisions, which, they claim, touch upon many phases of Western security. That study may even reveal that, except for the section on genocide, the code remarkably resembles a legal formulation of Vishinsky's famous speech against war-mongering delivered at the UN Assembly on September 18, 1947.

Confessions of a Catholic professor

Jerome G. Dalmatian

"IT MUST BE VERY HARD on you to teach in a Catholic school. Isn't it?"

"Boy, I sure do pity you teaching in an institution run by a bunch of priests and religious."

"Now tell me truthfully wouldn't you like to teach and wouldn't you be freer to teach and say what you want in a non-Catholic school?"

"Do you people *have* to bring religion into your writings!"

In my sixteen or so years of teaching in a prominent Catholic university, I have been asked these questions and subjected to these comments dozens of times. Whenever I am introduced to someone at a convention, these questions usually crop up. Conversation invariably turns on the demerits and restrictions of Catholic education. At first I am on the defensive. Then, after laying my groundwork, I begin the attack.

As a Catholic, teaching in a Catholic school, I insist that I have more freedom than most non-Catholic scholars in my field. If I wish and if I have proof, I can attack the evils of the capitalist system. I am not afraid to say that labor is right or that labor is wrong. I can openly discuss the evils that have become a part of the labor movement in the United States. I have no fear when I honestly and justifiably attack or criticize a prominent member of our community. I am not afraid to step on someone's toes.

The advantages of my freedom were brought out to me one evening a few years ago by a prominent non-Catholic scholar who was noted for his anti-Catholic and anti-clerical stand. We met many times. He never hesitated to take advantage of any opportunity (or if necessary to invent an opportunity) sarcastically to attack the Catholic Church. On the evening mentioned he informed me that he had been dismissed. (I later discovered that he had criticized the business practices of a few of the institution's trustees.) He then looked at me and commented bitterly: "You are freer down there among those . . . black robes than I am here."

I teach what I know and believe to be true. I can proudly proclaim my religion and I can introduce my religious, philosophical or theological convictions into my subject-matter without fear of being accused of being unscientific. God is as much a part of my lectures as is the traditional subject-matter of my courses, although I do not teach religion or philosophy.

I can tell my students with assurance that this is

"Jerome G. Dalmatian" is the pseudonym of a professor in a large U. S. Catholic university. In the present article he is concerned to show that, contrary to the popular notion, the teacher in a Catholic school need suffer no loss of academic freedom. In fact, he is often free from pressures that limit the freedom of his colleagues in secular institutions.

morally right and that is morally wrong. I do not have to engage in academic subterfuge in order to preserve my "detached" point of view by presenting both sides of the question and assume that the students are sufficiently interested, trained and competent to draw their own conclusions. This is the lazy man's way of avoiding a vital issue.

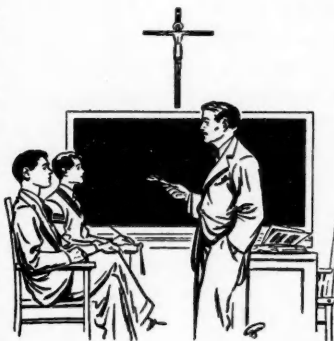
I am not afraid of being laughed at if I state that there are such things as a moral law, natural rights, ethical duties and responsibilities. I am not afraid to teach that man is a rational animal, that he has an immortal soul, and that he is destined for eternal salvation. My non-Catholic colleagues would be laughed

off their high perches if they even hinted that they believed in this "mumbo-jumbo." (They are tied down by a rigid code, a sort of solemn, silent understanding, that religion is for the masses, moral law is a mirage, God is a good example of a bogey-man, and free will is only a verbalization that has no basis in reality.)

At the same time I am free to teach my subject-matter, presenting my information and facts in the same manner as my non-Catholic friends. Every once in a while they are astounded when they receive one of my students and find out that he proves himself among the best in their school. Their astonishment grows when they discover that we are able to use the same scientific methods they use, and that we can and do use them to prove that the philosophical bases upon which we operate, and which they scorn as being fantasies, make at least as much sense in conjunction with empirical investigations as their own pseudo-philosophical assumptions.

Yes, as a Catholic teacher, I am more free to express myself in class than most non-Catholic teachers. I may teach not only what I know, but also what I *believe*. I can openly aim to develop proper attitudes, to strengthen character, to improve moral life, and can be scientific at the same time.

Yes, my books and writings do contain religion and morality, and for this reason (and possibly a few others) they have been criticized by my non-Catholic co-workers. "Why the . . . can't you write a book without putting in all that junk about religion, philosophy and ethics?" I try to tell them that what I put in the book is what I know and believe to be true. Then I try to point out to them that their books are also "philosophical." This is sure to start an argument, which



sometimes terminates in my friends' admission that they themselves are teaching, preaching, or advocating one or more of the "isms" that are sapping our present culture and civilization. The difference is that they *insinuate* their philosophies, while I profess mine.

Like any other human being, the Catholic professor is a griper. He will gripe about the fact that he is teaching in a Catholic school. He will point out to you that while he has not taken a vow of poverty, he practises actual poverty. He will point out that although he has not taken the vow of obedience, he is one of the few, with the exception of the younger members of the religious congregation which runs his school, who carry out all orders to the letter.

He will sit with you for hours and bitterly explain that although he does not wear a Roman collar or a habit he teaches more and better religion and ethics than most of the religious around him.

He will complain that he has no money or time for research; that his teaching load is too heavy; that he has to teach too many different courses; that he does not even have a decent office where he can work in peace and solitude; that he is not represented on the councils of the college or university; that he is tolerated rather than accepted in the school; that he is "expensible" whenever the good Fathers, Brothers or Sisters have trained someone in his field; that he has to teach every day in the week, plus a few night classes; that he is a married celibate because he cannot afford to have more children; that he has to find some extra work to augment his income; that he cannot afford to write a good book but must write one that will sell in order to make ends meet; that there are too many bosses running his school and he really does not know to whom he "belongs"; that the good Fathers, Brothers or Sisters have developed "passing the buck" into a highly refined art; that, at the first opportunity, he will enter business and give up teaching; that he is tired of working "for nothing."

But in the final analysis, when you pin him down, after his emotional outbursts have subsided, he will tell you with equal vehemence:

That teaching is in his blood; that he would rather work for less and be his own boss; that he loves his Church and is willing to make sacrifices; that his children are not on the verge of starvation; that his wife is not afraid to leave the house because she has no clothes; that he is a free man, working at a job that produces satisfactions beyond description; that the religious for whom he works are interested in him and sincerely try to improve his level of living; that a Catholic school has that "something" which makes you feel "so good" and which is not found any place else; that his superiors are not spying on him, that they do not have a "little black book." He gets deep-down satisfaction and even a thrill out of being part of something big and constructive and holy. And he knows that many thousands of professional people outside of Catholic institutions sacrifice financial rewards for the sake of doing important work.

Sears knows more than merchandise

John Coogan

WHAT WAS THE MOST POPULAR reading of the GI's overseas during the past war? The Sears, Roebuck catalogue. What is the best way to win the Iron Curtain countries away from Red Russia? Drop them a supply of Sears, Roebuck catalogues. Such popular observations show that "Sears" is spoken of in much the same way as was the old model-T Ford. Both have been for Americans a subject of both pride and pleasantries. The cartoonist's picture of the grass-skirted Congo primitive, lying on the ground, his bone-pierced nose buried in a Sears, Roebuck catalogue as he searches for a "B" saxophone, is only an exaggeration of what is, in reality, a miracle of modern merchandising.

We point to Sears to show what poor American boys have been able to build in living memory in this land of opportunity. The combined operations of this company have produced a gross income for the five years ending in 1950 of more than \$10.5 billion. Its net income for those years was more than a billion before the payment of Federal income taxes. And this in a highly competitive market. Such facts are fairly well known.

Not so well known is Sears' huge employee profit-sharing program. A company so powerful, its employees scattered and unorganized, might have "bulled" its way along, scowling down any hint of unfair treatment of its workers. But as long ago as 1916 the company invited its employees into its board room and offered to share its prosperity with them. The scheme had a three-fold purpose: to permit employees to share in the profits; to encourage the habit of saving; and to provide a plan through which each employee might accumulate not only his own savings but also his portion of the employer's contributions and the earnings on his accumulations. In this way each worker could provide for himself and his dependents against the day of his retirement.

Through the profit-sharing fund, 104,100 employees now own nearly five and one-half million shares of Sears' capital stock, or 23.2 per cent of the entire amount outstanding. This makes them the largest holder of record of the company's securities. The present fund total value at current stock market prices is \$350 million, although, to avoid a constantly fluctuating evaluation, the total is carried as only \$232 million. Although employee participation in the scheme is entirely voluntary and every regular employee is

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eligible after one year, representation in the fund is almost 100 per cent. Participants must deposit in the fund 5 per cent of their wage, no deposit to exceed \$250 annually. (Deposits in the scheme apply to incomes up to \$5,000; better-paid employees may use a Supplemental Retirement Plan not herein described.)

The company contributes a percentage of its year's net income, varying from 5 per cent (for a net income of less than \$40 million) to 9 per cent (for an income of \$100 million or more). The company contribution for the last five years has totaled nearly \$110 million. Its 1950 contribution of more than \$31 million, plus such items as the dividends on stocks belonging to the fund and the year's increase in market value of the stock holdings (tending to compensate for the inflated dollar), added \$84 million to the profit-sharing fund. This is five and one-half times the employees' contribution. Employees benefit by the company's contribution largely in proportion to the amount of their own deposits and their length of service, the most favored group benefiting four times as richly as the least.

Since the advantages of the profit-sharing system are in proportion to the size of the fund accumulated, only limited withdrawals are permitted without penalties before the normal retirement date. (The penalties are loss of employer contributions, which revert to the fund.) Special consideration is given in special cases, however, and generous provision is made for those ill or disabled or with serious illness in their families. Similar consideration is shown to older employees wishing to buy a family home. Except for specific regulations, such questions, as well as the general administration of the fund, are left to the determination of the six trustees (including at present General Robert E. Wood and Robert M. La-Follette Jr.). The trustees are management-appointed, but with the proviso that "the Company does not attempt to influence the trustees in the performance of their duties."

An Advisory Council of seventeen, elected by the employees, is free to express its opinions as to administration of the fund, but final word is left to the trustees. For the first nine years of the profit-sharing system, employee participants held considerable control of fund-management; but by referendum in 1924 they surrendered this function to the trustees. The one notable limitation on trustee discretion is that a large share of the fund is to be invested in Sears' capital stock.

A special phase of Sears' profit-sharing program has been its treatment of members absent on military duty in our two World Wars. Company profits and fund accruals continued to be credited to them even though they were no longer contributing. And to prevent distress to the families of such enlisted men in World War II resulting from differences in their peacetime and wartime incomes, Sears gave "fathers' allowances" for

"pre-Pearl Harbor" fathers up to 75 per cent of its salary rate, with an absolute ceiling of \$5,000. During the period 1941-45 a total of nearly \$3.5 million was paid out in "military benefits" for its employees.

We can get some idea of the financial rewards of the profit-sharing scheme for employees from the records of 426 who retired from the fund between 1946 and 1948. One realized a profit of \$208,000 on his own investment of \$7,900. Several others received over \$100,000. The profits of many exceeded \$25,000. For the entire 426 the average deposit was \$2,134 and the profit \$20,117. No wonder a new Sears' employee, a young college graduate, recently remarked:



In the retail advertising department where I work there are twenty-two people, all but four of whom are men... Everyone thinks profit-sharing is a wonderful thing... Often when we go for a cup of coffee, people tell "fables" about profit-sharing. The one I've heard most is about an elevator operator who had been at the store for years who, when she finally had to retire, had about \$35,000 in profit-sharing... Everyone in the department who is eligible is in profit-sharing and keeps informed about it. It is their financial mainstay for the

future and they know it.

Employee appreciation of the scheme is shown, too, by their reluctance to leave Sears. "It is a common saying in the retail trade," one experienced executive remarks, "that nobody can take people away from Sears; and one reason for that is the profit-sharing system." Of all former Sears employees discharged from military service in the year after World War II, 81 per cent returned to Sears, whereas nationally only 35 per cent returned to former employers. A confidential survey of some 12,000 Sears employees in 1940 found 95 per cent preferred Sears to any other employer.

Profit-sharing at Sears is not used as an excuse for low wages or other employee exploitation. As the executive director of the fund has recently stated:

A true profit-sharing retirement plan cannot be successful if used as a substitute for something else. Wages paid must equal or better what employees are earning in related lines of industry. Paid vacation, sick allowances, and other employee benefits must equal or better what is offered by competition. Working conditions must at least equal those offered by competitors. Profit-sharing is something on top of all these.

Although profit-sharing is but one of the many morale-builders at Sears, company officials give it special credit for increased efficiency and larger profits. Employee discounts, paid vacations, illness allowances, group hospital insurance, group life insurance, credit unions, separation allowances, personnel department review of all proposed discharges of five-year employees—all these are subsidiary. The ensemble has left employees with little interest in outside aid to improve their position. In 1948 only about 10 per cent were unionized.

This present-day well-being of Sears' employees is in such sharp contrast with the condition of their fellows a generation ago as to be almost unbelievable. Although Julius Rosenwald, then president of Sears, introduced profit-sharing, he was able in 1913 to describe, calmly and with no suggestion of apology, Sears' inhuman employee exploitation. The Illinois State Senate was investigating a surmised connection between shop-girl wages and commercial vice. Rosenwald revealed the average weekly salary of the 4,732 females in their employ as \$9.12. The minimum was \$5.00. Girls over eighteen received from \$8.00 to \$21.00 a week. Sears had estimated that a girl living away from home needed only a minimum of \$8.00 a week to live decently. Rosenwald was satisfied that Sears' wages were those prevailing in their market. That was justification enough. The fact that Sears was the greatest and most prosperous merchandising corporation in the country seemed to him beside the point.

The girls' problem, the company protested, was not one of low wages and long hours:

The trouble with a great many of us is that our ideas are wrong; our best judgment is warped, and we look for pleasure only in places where it must be paid for with money, and with this thought we therefore seek more money that we may buy more pleasure.

The company did not seem to realize that while walking may be a healthful exercise, even walking wears out shoes. Employees were warned of the evil of

drink, the futility of smoking, the necessity of morality, and the virtue of diligence and thrift.

A most hopeful sign for American industry is that the same management that could so complacently exploit its workers inaugurated the humanitarian regime we have described. A further cause of hope is that Sears has found its more liberal personnel policy a profitable investment, not an expense. As General Robert E. Wood, Sears' president then, now chairman of its board, has declared: "No large business like our own, which is widely scattered, can succeed unless . . . the men and women in that store feel that they are working for a company that is trying to treat them fairly and justly." Sears' acts of kindness for labor, like "the gifts of God, are without regret."

American experience repeatedly proves that when employees are properly treated, they appreciate fair and generous dealing. If employers lay the foundations for a program of sincere cooperation, their workers respond. Short-sighted, self-centered employers will continue to hold labor at arm's length and to begrudge it the show of even surface civility.

Men of the wiser type, such as those who direct Sears' policy of profit-sharing, bring employees into the family and make their businesses joint enterprises, benefiting everybody concerned. This is certainly more in line with the Catholic principle of substituting cooperation and respect for mutual rights in place of contention, suspicion and niggardliness.

Four years with lay missionaries

Nicholas Maestrini

ON JANUARY 5, 1947, I stood waiting on the wharf in Hong Kong. Aboard the huge American President Line ship were 900 Protestant missionaries. With them was one young Catholic girl, Mary Louise Tully of La Grange, Illinois—the first person to come from Grailville, in Ohio, to serve as a lay worker in the missions.

Mary Louise Tully had graduated from St. Teresa's College in Winona, spent several years in Europe and then had gone to Grailville, Training Center of the Lay Apostolate at Loveland, Ohio. Now she was to be the pioneer, the first of many American lay apostles who would come to help in the building of the Church in China and other mission fields.

Mary Louise's first task was to find a job. Lay apostles must often earn their own living in mission lands, just as they do at home. I engaged her as assistant editor of our diocesan Catholic weekly. So she found herself beginning her new life in an office staffed by about twenty Chinese girls, a few Portuguese girls and about ten Chinese men.

Rev. Nicholas Maestrini, a member of the Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions (Milan), spent twenty years as a missionary in China. The present article is, in a sense, a sequel to his article in our issue of April 2, 1949 showing the need of lay missionaries. The Grailville training was described by Joseph T. Nolan in AMERICA for October 4, 1947.

From the first day I agreed with her that she should be treated like any other member of the staff, receiving only a salary adequate for her needs and having no special privileges. We both felt that the first task of a lay apostle is to give a practical example of integrated Christian living in the midst of the people themselves, to show forth Christian principles applied to all the everyday relationships and circumstances of lay life—a work complementing that of the priests and nuns, but different from theirs.

She set about her work in a most unobtrusive and inconspicuous way, showing at the same time a great love and appreciation for the Chinese and their culture and giving in every detail of her day a truly Christian example. Before long she had won the confidence and love of all the staff. In a few months I sensed a real development of Christian life among our staff, which consisted mostly of Chinese converts.

Working at the office, living in a hostel for working girls, attending picnics or studying Chinese, dealing

with printers, missionaries, celebrities, coolies, table companions, fellow-workers or fellow-parishioners, she was always an apostle, merely by living out her convictions.

It came home to me that lay apostles can do certain kinds of work much more easily than priests. For example, for eight years I had been in charge of a group of young Catholic women students at the local University of Hong Kong. Neither I nor the Sister who assisted at the meetings had ever been able to bring the girls to open up and engage in real discussion. With Mary Louise all shyness soon melted away. Under her tutelage these gatherings usually lasted from one and a half to two hours, and she had to do very little talking herself, except to answer questions.

Under a lay missionary, these meetings could be very informal gatherings among girl friends, perhaps in a tea house or during a walk together or at a private home. Within a short time the Chinese girls were coming to me with requests for dialog Masses, special study sessions, week-end courses and retreats, all as a result of her inspiration. She also exerted considerable influence among her non-Catholic friends, and made converts through her cheerful conduct.

After the very successful pioneering by Miss Tully, three more lay apostles trained by the Grail came to Hong Kong. They plan eventually to work among the educated classes in the larger cities of China, although the advent of communism has made this impossible for the present. They have already done a great work in Hong Kong. One held a government job for many months. Another is managing an English-language Catholic bookshop. The third became a member of the editorial staff at the Catholic Truth Society Center.

Two of these girls are now living together with six Chinese girls in a small house near Hong Kong. In the "House of Our Lady Cause of Our Joy" (Ng Lok Tzee Yuen), the group lives together as a family with one of the Chinese girls as "mother." Together they are developing family customs, building up a pattern of family life which is at once fully Christian and completely Chinese. Last year's Advent wreath, for example, was made of bamboo leaves instead of evergreen, and Chinese lanterns light the feast-day tables. They are thus working out on a small scale a synthesis of Christian life and Chinese culture which families around them are beginning to adopt. They are bringing Christ to the Orient in Oriental dress.

The House of Joy experiment seems extremely successful. The unity and peace and Christian spirit in this group, so diverse in education and background, is molding the individual girls and preparing them for future Christian leadership among their own people. The little house itself is already a radiating center of Christian activities. Many priests and nuns have told me that they have seldom met such outstanding Chi-

nese Catholic girls. One of the girls herself said to me, "You tell us the theory, but these lay people show us the practice." This observation epitomizes the work of lay apostles in mission fields. Associated with the people in their work and study, in their social life and recreation, they help develop leaders for a *native* lay apostolate.

The work of a lay apostle in the missions takes many forms. One of these young American women, Elizabeth Reid, is a trained nurse. She does no nursing in Hong Kong, but ministers to a wide variety of human needs. As the assistant editor of our Catholic paper she runs a "Wanted" column and uses it to help people of every age and condition.

A young girl with "incurable" tuberculosis, for example, is refused admittance at the hospital. Elizabeth finds her a bed in the local Catholic hospital and appeals for food, vitamins and cod liver oil through her column. A Communist woman brings her baby to Elizabeth. She is sleeping in a women's dormitory at the factory and cannot take care of him. Elizabeth entrusts the child to a poor family and advertises for

baby food. A young pagan girl, disappointed in love, comes to Elizabeth on the verge of suicide. She knows no priest. She finds in Elizabeth a sympathetic friend who hears her story and eventually brings her to the Catholic faith. Or several thousand ex-soldiers pour into Hong Kong destitute, without homes or money. Elizabeth talks to the authorities, writes articles, collects funds. In a few months they are housed in huts, are provided with a school for their children, a chapel and a priest appointed by the Bishop. This is the way one zealous woman brings the charity of Christ to troubled humanity in the Chinese mission.

It has been my privilege to work with four young lay women missionaries, all trained by the Grail. I found all four animated with the same boundless zeal. During four years of close contact with these girls, I learned to admire their superb and thorough training. Their spirit remained radiant and fervent despite all the hardships which the life of such apostles entails. With the difficulties of learning the language, the absence of Western social life, the constant effort to adapt themselves to the customs and manners of a country not one's own, one might expect that enthusiasm would wane and interior life would suffer.

Yet I have seen these four girls constantly advancing spiritually, daily finding a deeper satisfaction and joy in their specific task in the apostolate. Never once have I felt the need to spur them on or to bolster their morale. In following the liturgy intelligently, in daily meditation, in doing their work prayerfully, in mutual encouragement, in a genuine love for the Cross, they find their strength. One cannot but admire the training which has given them such perseverance and courage and such an understanding of the vocation to holiness which is intrinsic in the life of a Christian.



And they are brave. When the United States Government suggested the evacuation of American missionaries from the colony of Hong Kong, I asked the lay apostles how they felt about the possibility of being compelled to leave. In reply they wrote:

If we have a fear in our hearts, it is only that God might want us to leave China. For ourselves, we cannot tell you how much we want to stay. Here we belong. Here we are part of the wall that is the Church in China—funny, lop-sided stones, perhaps, but still a part. It is strange to say, but it is true—we belong here, we are part of the morale, and we can be faith, hope and confidence for all the people who come to us. If we remain, future lay apostles will come with honor, no matter how much or how little we ourselves may have achieved in these days. For that alone it is a little thing to risk one's own probable safety. What we want now is to assure you of our feeling of oneness with the people here, and of our peace, and of our will and readiness to remain, if it is God's pleasure.

Lay apostles who can keep up such spirit in the face of the most serious dangers add incalculably to the strength in the Church in the missions. They certainly do credit to the training which has formed them.

The distinguishing characteristic of the work of the laity in the missions is not to multiply the hands of priests and nuns, but to fulfill the role which is specifically that of the laity everywhere—the building up of a Christian society. This is the real aim of missionary effort. The Church needs lay missionaries to help achieve it.

FEATURE "X"



"What has happened to Mamma?" is Mrs. Martin's theme. The wife of a police lieutenant in St. Louis, Mrs. Martin discussed Mamma and Papa and their responsibility for juvenile delinquency in AMERICA for September 10, 1950.

THERE WAS A LADY at our house, when I was a youngster, who made the rules and saw to it that they were observed. Her name was Louise, but we didn't call her Louise. We didn't call her mother, or mater, or muzzie, or mummie. We called her *Mamma*.

Mamma was authority. Not tentative, irresolute authority, but authority sure, inflexible and irrevocable. As Mamma bade, so we did. There was no questioning, no protesting and no "back talk." For Mamma ruled with the proverbial iron hand. If there was any velvet glove connected with the deal, we never noticed it. Mamma was a real commander. She could, and did, when necessary, *enforce* her authority.

Yet it wasn't through fear that she ruled us. We who loved her with such deep, respecting fealty knew that the inexorable firmness of Mamma's character was strength to guide us the more surely and unerringly. The iron hand was a helping hand when need arose.

Mamma was never wishy-washy. Because she always knew where she was going and what she was doing, she generated confidence in us. She told us that God was the good Heavenly Father who watched over all of us, who saw our every act, who knew our every thought. She told us about the sweet Jesu, as He was called in our house, who was our Loving Friend and Protector. She told us that for Him we must always be good, because He wished it so. She instilled in us the very real truth that when we fell from grace we wounded Him, and shamed ourselves.

When she told us these things, we *knew* they were true, from our earliest years, because she said they were. Mamma didn't leave any margin for error, any hazily defined line between what was good or bad, right or wrong. Mamma beat the gun on that "too young to know" plea, because we *grew up* knowing that there were certain things you just didn't do. You didn't lie; you didn't steal; you didn't wantonly inflict pain or injury on any living being; you didn't—well, the list was a long one. We were completely inculcated with all the *didn't's* by time we were old enough to do any of the things.

I am not even quite sure whether it was the Church or Mamma that gained in my respect when I found out, while still a very tiny tot, that the Church taught the same things and advocated the same standards that Mamma did. I can see now, however, that Mamma made things a lot easier for the Church. Under Mamma's indoctrination, we *lived* religion. Leading a good and righteous life, faithful church attendance, regular devotions, implicit belief in the power of prayer, reverence, humility, thankfulness and the expression thereof—these were essential flagstones that Mamma laid in the walk of our childhood.

Vigilant of our morals, Mamma was no less so about our manners. I did not suspect for quite a long time that there was any difference between the two. It comes to me now, thinking back, that perhaps there wasn't—not the way Mamma taught manners. To Mamma, "good manners" were no surface adornment. Mamma's "good manners" began right down at the core of you and made you a better person all the way through. For her, "good manners" embodied respect, consideration, deference, courtesy, submission, subordination, tolerance, humility, unselfishness, cheerfulness, appreciation, and other stalwart virtues.

Again the rules were adamant. You said "yes, ma'am," "no, ma'am," "yes, sir," and "no, sir," of course. You queried, "Sir?" or "Ma'am?" You never said just *yes* or *no*, or used *what* as a query. If we slipped, Mamma had only to turn THAT LOOK on us, and we hastily corrected ourselves. *Yeah* and *naw* would have been brash, open defiance in Mamma's eyes, and unhesitatingly dealt with as such.

You said *please*; you said *thank you*; you said *excuse me*, or *pardon me*, whenever the need was slightly indicated. You never interrupted. You never "sass"ed anyone. You sat still; you did not fidget. You stood erect; you did not slouch. You offered assistance without waiting to be asked, when you could help someone in some way. You were never greedy, never selfish, always "polite," always considerate. You weren't "pushy." You did not criticize, you did not complain, you did not whine, you did not sulk, you did not raise your voice unduly.

If we sometimes forgot some of these niceties of deportment that Mamma labored so tirelessly to instill in us, and we did—yes, often we did—then she would pinion us with a chill look and bite off four succinct words, "*Where are your manners?*" I can still feel today the flooding of shame that surged over me at such times.

If Mamma was a stern disciplinarian and an inflexible teacher, she was also a rock of Gibraltar to us in our times of perplexity or trouble. Her resolute strength, her very sureness of herself, were our comfort. No matter how grave the childhood problem, no matter how deep the childish sorrow, when Mamma said, "It will be all right," we believed. We *knew* that somehow it *would* be all right. A sore throat or a burned finger? A misunderstanding with a friend? A task too difficult to do? A lost bauble, a broken toy? A needed party dress? Mamma would see to it. We never doubted that she would, nor ever did she fail us, wonderful, wonderful woman that she was.

Mamma had endless understanding, endless patience. If she ever suffered from the nowadays common maternal affliction of "nerves," she never gave any evidence of it.

She knew that her girls liked to "sew along" with her on sewing days, and bake with her on baking days. It meant constant digression from her own work; it meant giving us scraps of material and snips of dough; it meant persistent bother of threading needles for diminutive seamstresses, tying knots in our thread, or wiping little hands free of sticky dough or splatterings of flour off the floor. It meant tiresome answering to small girl chatter. But she had that fine instinct for knowing that little girls are little women, and she treated us as such. She never did say, "For goodness' sakes, go and play somewhere else. You are making me nervous."

She never seemed to mind, either, when we had all the kids from the neighborhood into our yard to play in the summertime, even though the grass and flowers did take a terrible beating. Mamma must have held an hour's happy play for a child dearer than all the fine lawns in the world. If it was winter, we could all crowd into the big kitchen, spreading our crayons and drawing papers all over the huge round table, and our building blocks and games on the floor.

We could have fun—we could have *such* fun. In fact, Mamma was ever ready to help devise fun for us, but even there, she made the rules. If the play got too

rough, if childish voices rose in squabble, Mamma was the kindly, tolerant, yet always inflexible umpire who restored amity.

When Mamma called time, the play was over. There was no whining of protest from us, no "Aw, I don't *want* to come in." That would constitute rebellion, and Mamma had the commander's proper attitude towards rebellion.

She must have had some magic formula for stretching each moment of time far beyond its real duration, or she could never have done the many things she did. She cooked, she baked, she made our clothes and mended them, she never lost ground in the prodigious task of keeping a well-tenanted and heavily trafficked house immaculate. She kept a vegetable garden, she "put up" vast amounts of food. She did the laundry, after the fashion of those days, without benefit of a washing machine. She turned out huge stacks of pristine "ironing," using an old fashioned sad-iron, heated on the stove.

With all that, she never seemed to be in a rush. She had time to go to church, to belong to a quilting club, to relax at an occasional "kaffee klatch" with other Mammias of the neighborhood, time to give either Papa or Grandpa help with whatever they were doing that needed help, to listen sympathetically when Grandpa got off to talking about the "old days," or to sit at the kitchen table in winter, or the side porch of a summer evening, talking with Papa. And always she had time for the children, always.

Some few things she didn't get around to doing, of course. She never in her life found time to read a single book on child raising or child psychology, or to attend a lecture or class on the subject. Everything considered, I think she did pretty well at that.

Of course, she never got to learn that you can alienate a child's affections, or warp a child's personality, by correcting the child; that unless children are allowed to give free expression to their desires they will develop complexes, and that denying a child its will results in later inhibitions.

Mamma never believed that you could wheedle, cajole, bribe or humor a twig into straight growth. She believed that the twig had to be directed, that it had to be held in line, supported firmly and rigidly. That, she seemed to consider, was the task that God had left for her hand, and so she assumed the task, making it, without question, the dominant purpose of her life.

If you are of a not too recent generation, you will remember Mamma. Her counterpart existed in homes without number, all over our land. Perhaps she held sway in your home, as she did in mine, an indomitable, purposeful, sure general of your growing years—the twinkle, the tender love, but thinly veiled by the sternness in her eyes.

Treasure your blessed memories, for Mamma, as we knew her, seems to belong to yesteryear. In many, many ways, it's too bad, isn't it?

BILLIE ECKERT MARTIN

Theatre idea at St. Michael's

Theophilus Lewis

FIVE YEARS AGO St. Michael's Playhouse raised its banner in the already swollen legions of summer theatres. Since summer theatres proliferate like dandelions on a suburban lawn, and die almost as fast, the birth or demise of one more is hardly an epochal event. St. Michael's, however, is a theatre with a mission. Father Gerald Dupont, S.S.E., and Dr. Henry Fairbanks, sponsors of the project, have never published a prospectus of its mission, and are either too modest or too discreet to discuss it at length in off-the-record conversation. Their reticence is not difficult to understand. Since there is usually a disparity between intentions and accomplishments, it is just as well not to be too specific regarding one's aims. Still, it is not hard to surmise the goal of men who promote a theatre on the campus of a Catholic college. It can hardly be less than to reinforce the scattered groups which, like Catholic University Theatre in Washington and Blackfriars in New York, are striving to revive the Catholic tradition in the theatre.

A revival of the Catholic tradition does not necessarily mean either a pietistic or hortatory theatre. The stage is neither a pulpit nor a soapbox, although it may at times function as an effective auxiliary of either. Nor should the stage be converted into a cyclone cellar, into which we can shove our adolescents and maiden aunts to shield them from unpleasant realities which society must resolutely face. Catholic theatre can be as virile as *What Price Glory?* and as realistic as *The Rose Tattoo*, without the futility that is immanent in the former play or the emphasis on sex in the latter.

As Dr. Fairbanks, executive director of the Playhouse, knew he would have to compete with other summer theatres in Upper New England, the first season at St. Michael's was not a conspicuous departure from what has become standard country theatre. He presented as many Broadway and Hollywood stars as his budget could be stretched to afford in eight weeks of drama acceptable to the Catholic conscience. That procedure attracted attention to St. Michael's, as Dr. Fairbanks had hoped, and won favorable comment from the business community of the nearby city of Burlington, Vermont. The Playhouse was off to an encouraging start.

The following year Dr. Fairbanks gave the star system another try, with almost identical results, except that drama editors in New York and Boston, hungry for copy in the lean summer months, began to mention The Playhouse more often in their columns. In the second season at St. Michael's, as in the first, the stars made money but The Playhouse didn't; and

LITERATURE AND ARTS

when September arrived the box office report was practically all scarlet. Dr. Fairbanks decided to scrap the star system in favor of a resident company. The switch resulted in more grief at the box office.

The Playhouse, like all country theatres, depends on the vacationist trade for a considerable part of its revenue. The vacationists wanted plays that had been Broadway hits with popular stars in leading roles, but were willing to settle for just the stars. When The Playhouse presented a season of established classics and first-rate contemporary drama, including a Christopher Prize play, performed by a capable resident company, the city people stayed away in droves. Father Dupont grimly observed: "No star system, no audience."

But neither Father Dupont nor Dr. Fairbanks intended to surrender to the lack of discrimination prevalent among the summer people. They just don't know what sound theatre is. They only know what stars are popular in New York and Hollywood and what plays have been recent hits on Broadway. Their tastes have been formed in a theatre that is secular, urbanized and almost barren of spirituality. It is quite likely that, at the end of their third season, neither Father Dupont nor Dr. Fairbanks had a clear idea how to make The Playhouse the kind of theatre they wanted. They were not working from a blueprint, but by a process of trial and error. They were certain about only one thing. The Playhouse would never become a rural outpost of the desiccated New York theatre, no matter how many summer people stayed away from the box office.

The New York theatre—which is tantamount to saying the American theatre—is stricken with galloping dry rot. It is afraid of ideas, terrified by controversy, too timid to espouse causes, except those that have already been won, and ignores God. Three times in the last ten years the New York Drama Critics' Circle has been unable to find a play deserving of its dubious award. The Pulitzer Committee has also declined to award a prize in three of the last ten years. Of the seven plays that have won the Pulitzer prize in the last decade, who would want to see any of them again, except *The Skin of Our Teeth*, or keep a printed copy handy for reflective reading in the late hours of the night? How many of the seven plays selected as best of its season by The Critics' Circle, except *The Glass Menagerie*, would anyone want to see revived?

A theatre in which the best play produced in one season is *All My Sons*, and in the next *A Streetcar Named Desire*, is ineluctably a theatre dominated by actors. The former play is so unoriginal in theme and treatment that superior acting is required to make it interesting while only expert interpretation can save the latter from being pornographic. In the majority of productions presented on the New York stage every season the performance makes a stronger impression on the audience than the play.

Even at its worst, the New York theatre usually has vigor and glamour. It has technical perfection, too, or close to it; and the intoxicating worldly beauty of an exquisitely coiffured and perfumed cocotte maintained for the diversion of visiting buyers from Atlanta and Toledo. It has everything except the imagination and spiritual force that distinguish a vital theatre from a vehicle of entertainment. Those happen to be the things that also distinguish the New York theatre from what Father Dupont and Dr. Fairbanks are trying to do at St. Michael's.

What Father Dupont has in mind, and Dr. Fairbanks is trying to bring into being, is a theatre that will conform to the views of the Holy Father, certainly not an unsophisticated man, expressed in an address to a delegation representing the Catholic Union of the Theatre. The Holy Father said: "There is only one way suitably to combine sincerity and effective performance: that is, to live in such a way that the beautiful and pure sentiments, which the public applauds, swell spontaneously from the heart of one whose voice and gestures express them on the stage." Father Dupont, reducing the expansive Latin phrasing to pithy English, says, "You cannot have a theatre with Catholic aims without Catholics."

Nevertheless, when The Playhouse opened for its fourth season, members of the resident company were not questioned on matters of faith, politics or loyalty to the National or American League. Since Dr. Fairbanks had already selected the plays he intended to produce, the only thing that counted was acting experience. The box-office report at the end of the season is among the things Father Dupont and Dr. Fairbanks would prefer not to talk about.

They did not give up, however, since they had not expected easy success and were not looking for the fast dollar. While their long-range objective is to make The Playhouse a center of Catholic theatre—or perhaps it would be better to say, as Father Urban Nagle, of Blackfriars, suggests, a center of drama under Catholic auspices—their immediate objective is to integrate the theatre into a speech and drama department now in the process of being organized.

Both the long- and short-range projects were brought closer to fruition when Dr. Fairbanks, happening to be in South Bend, saw Players Incorporated in a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* at Notre Dame. Most of the members of the group are graduates of Catholic University Drama School, and Dr. Fairbanks knew at once that he had found the

Catholics Father Dupont wanted at St. Michael's. When The Playhouse opened for its fifth season Players Inc. was the resident company.

Organized only two years ago, Players Inc. is a remarkable—one has to suppress an impulse to say an amazing—group of young actors. From September 1949 through February 1950 the group gave ninety-four performances in fifteen States. The reports of house managers in the communities they visited show that the group played before an audience of 84,000. The speedometers on the station wagon and truck in which they transported themselves and their equipment registered 7,000 miles.

In the 1950-51 season, they expanded their repertory from two to four plays requiring two trucks to haul their accessories. The station wagon was traded in, along with cash and notes, for two sedans, enabling members of the company not doubling as chauffeurs to ride in comparative luxury. When the tour ended in May they had performed in twenty-nine States, played before an audience of 170,000 and the speedometers registered 18,500 miles.

Before signing the contract with Dr. Fairbanks, the Players, as a group, had never played a Summer engagement; although some members of the company as individuals had appeared in country theatres. The St. Michael's project gave them an opportunity to keep the company together during the Summer, which means a lot to the morale of a group like Players Inc. The Catholic majority of the company want to go to Mass before morning rehearsal. They can do that at St. Michael's, and between supper and the evening performance they can say the Rosary before an outdoor shrine of Our Lady. On each opening night, which in a Summer theatre comes once a week, Very Rev. Daniel P. Lyons, president of the college, leads the company in prayers for the success of the production.

The Players, on the other hand, are the kind of actors Father Dupont and Dr. Fairbanks have always wanted in The Playhouse. These observations were written before the box-office report for the Summer was complete. When the writer visited The Playhouse in midseason the take at the door was not sensational; still, they seemed to be doing all right. If the final balance for the year comes out in pink instead of red Dr. Fairbanks will surely not be the one to complain.

He knows, as the Players who are new on the scene may not, that the St. Michael's project is a long-range and complicated proposition. It is not simply a matter of breaking virgin ground for Catholic theatre. An audience trained to applaud meretricious theatre must be re-educated to appreciate good theatre. It is an audience that has to be taught to distinguish between excellent acting and mere star appeal, and the teaching will require years of patient effort.

The Players have developed an acting style that is unique in the American theatre. They don't go for the split-second timing and polished performance

usually encountered in Broadway productions (at least they do not underline them), or for the casual assurance of English actors. Their style has a closer resemblance to that of actors trained in the Abbey or Gate theatre in Dublin, or London's Old Vic. Still, it is not an imitation of the acting peculiar to the school nurtured in any of those theatres. Their style is original, vigorous and their own. It is a flexible style, eloquent in speech and gesture, that can erupt in exuberance and still remain sensitive. It is superlative acting that can make The Playhouse a center of drama comparable with the Tanglewood Festival in the world of music.

While that goal is a long way off, Dr. Fairbanks

would consider it only an intermediate objective. He has visions of The Playhouse becoming a center of creative effort, where a playwright with a script Broadway was afraid to risk would be certain of a sympathetic reading of his play, and probably a show-window production. Rejection by Broadway is not invariably evidence of merit, of course, but when a commercial producer reads a manuscript the first question in his mind is, Will it sell? At The Playhouse decisions are based on esthetic values rather than box-office returns. Not that anybody at St. Michael's is prejudiced against making money. It's only that they believe that in the theatre beauty and truth are more important.

Two Southern Tales

REQUIEM FOR A NUN

By William Faulkner. Random House. 286p. \$3

THE STRANGE CHILDREN

By Caroline Gordon. Scribners. 303p. \$3.50

Faulkner's latest novel has been getting the reviewers and critics into a lather—and for some good reasons. It is not top-drawer Faulkner and seems to justify the suspicion, entertained for some time, that he is beginning to take a sort of wry pleasure in displaying a positive contempt for style. There are long, meandering sentences, some running for three and four pages, involved parentheses within parentheses, rivulets, torrents and tides of purple-patchish prose, unbelievably anacoluthic dialog, and a needlessly involved story-line.

Well, then, is there anything good to be said for this latest from the master? Yes, there is. For Faulkner still has the touch: he can evoke a sense of the moil and turmoil, of the crowded and sweating human efforts, of the slow lapse of time and the frantic pace of events that go into the carving of a little niche of civilization out of the wilderness of America. And he can still probe—perhaps with too many involutions and opacities here—the sullen and shy motives of the heart.

The historical panorama spreads out lushly in this tale in the descriptions of The Courthouse, The Golden Dome and The Jail, which are rather like extended stage directions to the three "acts" in which the story is cast. The story, briefly, concerns a Negro woman of ill fame sentenced to die for killing a white child she had been hired to nurse, and the attempts of the mother of the child to have the confessed murderess acquitted, because

her own sense of guilt over some of her past life leads her to believe that she had really put the whole train of tragic consequences in action. There is a great deal of muddy talk about the necessity of sacrifice and suffering, but the reader who hasn't the patience to reread and ponder won't come away with any very clear idea of what it all adds up to. Even those who have the patience will wonder if it is worth expending on one of Faulkner's less conspicuous efforts.

Miss Gordon, author of *The Strange Children*, might have seen more to commend in *Requiem for a Nun* than I did, for she is an authority on Faulkner. At any rate, her own book is limpidity itself in comparison. Not that it's an easily analyzed affair; it isn't, but the style is crystal-clear and the import rather simple.

It is another of those "adults as seen through the eyes of youngsters" stories. This time the youngster is a little girl too advanced for her age, who overhears many things not at all for her good. Friends who visit her parents are having marital troubles—one finally elopes with the wife of his best friend—one of them, a recent convert to Catholicism, is a little too intense in his new fervor, all drink too much, and, as a bizarre background to the whole business, a revival meeting of local Holy Rollers is providing some lurid religious atmosphere.

There is little exterior action; emphasis is exclusively on interior strains and stresses. Throughout the tale runs the symbolism of the little crucifix which the young girl rather innocently purloins for a time from the convert. Time and again, as the emotional storms and vacuums, which she dimly senses, swirl or yawn about her, she takes it from its hiding place and studies it—dimly sensing the meaning of it, too. Perhaps Miss Gordon means that until people like these modern beautiful and damned learn the mean-

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ing behind the little crucifix, they, too, will continue to be very strange children, indeed.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

The Faith in England

ENGLISH CATHOLICS 1850-1950

Centenary Essays to Commemorate the Restoration of the Hierarchy of England and Wales. Templegate, Springfield, Ill. 614p. \$6.50

CATHOLIC LONDON

By Douglas Newton. Macmillan. 336p. \$4

The first book is in nice contrast to the usual over-eulogistic compilations associated with such celebrations. Its 600 copiously illustrated pages have a well-compiled index and bibliography, and are divided into nineteen chapters, each a complete essay on some aspect of the heroic era they chronicle. The impartially critical spirit of the authors, which makes the book something of a literary achievement, shows the editorial wisdom of its editor. Bishop Beck explains in his preface that he has allowed the greatest freedom to all the authors to draw their own conclusions and the result is, to quote his words, that "the book gains from a wide variety of treatment and the various viewpoints of the different contributors."

Fr. Philip Hughes in the first two chapters outlines the condition of the Church in England in 1850 and the general trends of Catholic life since then. Archbishop Mathew who, like Fr. Hughes, is in the front rank of contemporary English historians, discusses the complex relations between

the old Catholics and the converts, a relationship strained at times but relieved, at least in retrospect, by certain comic elements.

Professor Evennett of Cambridge, Rev. W. J. Battersby, and Mr. A. C. F. Beales of the University of London, write on educational questions both historically and as contemporary problems. They do this so thoroughly that one need hardly go further to get a comprehensive idea of the present position of Catholics in the British educational system. The fascinating story of the literary renaissance and the development of a Catholic press peopled by well-known and less famous figures is well told by Mr. J. J. Dwyer and Mr. Edward Hutton.

Of course, Cardinal Newman, the greatest of them, has a chapter to himself written by Fr. Humphrey Johnson, certainly not the least controversial in the book. One would like to comment on some of Fr. Johnson's views, such for instance, as that Newman, unlike Manning, was not interested in the social movements of his time. This may or may not be so, but the charge is certainly not strengthened by the instance cited, namely, that Newman once admitted that he had never thought of inquiring how many public houses there were in England. That

seems rather a flimsy peg on which to hang so sweeping an indictment, and when Fr. Johnson goes on, as if to excuse the Cardinal, by suggesting that minds constantly meditating on the Last Judgment are likely to be less interested than others in contemporary social conditions, one can imagine the gentle irony with which Newman would have dismissed such a magnificent *non sequitur*. But in spite of these flaws Fr. Johnson's picture of the Cardinal is living and sympathetic.

There is no chapter devoted exclusively to Cardinal Manning but he appears on almost every page as the foremost figure. His life's work both in England and in wider fields is discussed, for instance, his close identification with Leo XIII in the famous social Encyclicals. But the element which stands out in these pages is his understanding of the Irish. It was this, more than any other factor, as Denis Gwynn shows in his masterly chapter entitled "The Irish Immigration," to which the revival of Catholic strength in England during the last 100 years is chiefly due. Credit must be given, of course, to the many other elements mentioned in the book, such as Newman's intellectual prestige and the stream of converts accompanying him or influenced by him.

But historically the most significant and the most moving story of all is that of the forgotten thousands of men and women from Ireland tragically destitute but heroically loyal to their Faith and the deep affection and mutual understanding between them and the most English and Victorian of Cardinals. What that happy combination achieved is recorded here.

Douglas Newton's recent sudden death deprived English letters of a well-known figure. He was a recognized authority on London and one likes to think how much he must have enjoyed writing this, his last book, since he felt for London an affection similar to that of Dr. Johnson, whom he resembled in his directness and generosity.

Catholic London reminds one of *Hare's Walks in Rome*. Newton takes us through the centuries, and proves to be a well-informed and witty guide who tells much about the city's history and antiquities that is in danger of being forgotten in these tradition-destroying times.

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right up to the 1951 celebrations commemorating the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy. It is a many-colored tapestry two thousand years old.

Medieval London lives again, that contrast of personal splendor and social squalor which here and in other cities often baffles medieval historians. But, as these pages reveal, our heterogeneous world is essentially the same from age to age, just as are the human beings who inhabit it. None the less, the manners of various centuries are disconcertingly different, though one can always find the golden thread of spiritual life running through them. What seems to differentiate the medieval world from ours is not that either age was more or was less virtuous than the other. The difference seems

rather to be that the medieval citizen had a sense of values in a world which was at times extremely sordid and cruel but always magnificent. However little he might attain it, he had an instinctive ideal personified in the personal sanctity of so many of his fellow citizens. As we meet them in this book they are like beacons in the dark, lighting the way to Heaven. There are beacons just as brilliant today, but their guiding significance is no longer as clear to most as it was to medieval eyes. That perhaps is why our age, for all its triumphal progress, has so egregiously lost its way.

One realizes, in reading Mr. Newton's book, how difficult it must be for those who do not appreciate the Catholic past to understand the history of London and of England. All the city's traditions are deeply rooted in the Catholic faith, and in this respect and others London is an epitome of England.

The book is admirably adapted for community reading. It has a foreword by Cardinal Griffin. The illustrations and index are excellent and it is well printed and bound, but there are numerous misprints.

ROBERT WILBERFORCE

Rich rewards in great scope

CALVARY AND COMMUNITY: The Passion and the Mass

By M. Harrington. Sheed & Ward.
329p. \$4

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the life-act of the Sacred Community whose Head is Christ."

To make that sentence mean something vital and thrilling in the minds of its readers is the purpose of this book. It is an effort to help Catholics share in the sentiment expressed by a modern mystic: If men only knew how the Eternal Father regards this Sacrifice, they would risk their lives to be present at a single Mass.

Such an effort is as difficult as it is praiseworthy. The meaning of sacrifice as the principal religious act of the community must have made ready entrance into the minds of ancient worshippers who watched the lamb being slaughtered, and saw its blood poured on the altar by the priest. But in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the senses have much less to take hold of. All the greater need, then, on the part of Catholics for an instructed faith able to find in the Mass much more than an unintelligible rite which must be witnessed every Sunday in obedience to Church law, much more even than a marvelous device which makes Christ really present among us.

In this book, then, the interested reader will find a painstaking study which neglects none of the important truths connected with the Mass except the more abstruse matters which are the concern of professional theologians. The style can vary from the warmly rhetorical to the professorially dry (after all, it is an explanation of the Mass), but its general down-to-earth quality, evidently the fruit of prolonged consideration, will help the reader to a deeper realization of this sublime Mystery of the Faith.

Notable in this study is the prominence given to Old Testament prefigurations of Christ and His Church. This gives striking illustration to the truth that the whole Bible is about Christ and His Mystical Body. Of great practical value for the spiritual enrichment of the faithful are the chapters which deal with the Church as co-priest and co-victim with Christ in the Mass.

It seems necessary to point out that theologians will contest the opinion (p. 9) that during the dereliction on the Cross the human mind of Christ was deprived of the beatific vision; they will likewise object to calling Christ the first *cell* of the Mystical Body, since Christ is not a member of the Church, but its Head. And finally since the union of the soul with Christ in Holy Communion is only less intimate than the union of the beatified soul with the Divine Essence, it is disappointing to see it described as "a moral union, that is, a union of wills by the love of each party for the other" (p. 243).

But these few points are almost negligible in view of the great scope of this book. It is a fine work patiently done, and offers rich rewards to the patient reader.

F. A. HARKINS, S.J.

ANDRÉ GIDE

By Albert J. Guerard. Harvard University. 263p. \$4

Gide kept few secrets from his public. The four volumes of his *Journals*, translated into English and published before his death in February, 1951, will continue to provide biographers and critics with ample material for years to come. Professor Guerard's book was read by Gide himself in its preliminary form and commented upon by him in two significant letters included in the book.

Guerard's *André Gide* is creative criticism at its best and clearly addressed to the specialist. Those interested in Gide's everlasting search to resolve his personal conflicts will find here admirably phrased and generally satisfying conjectures and ex-

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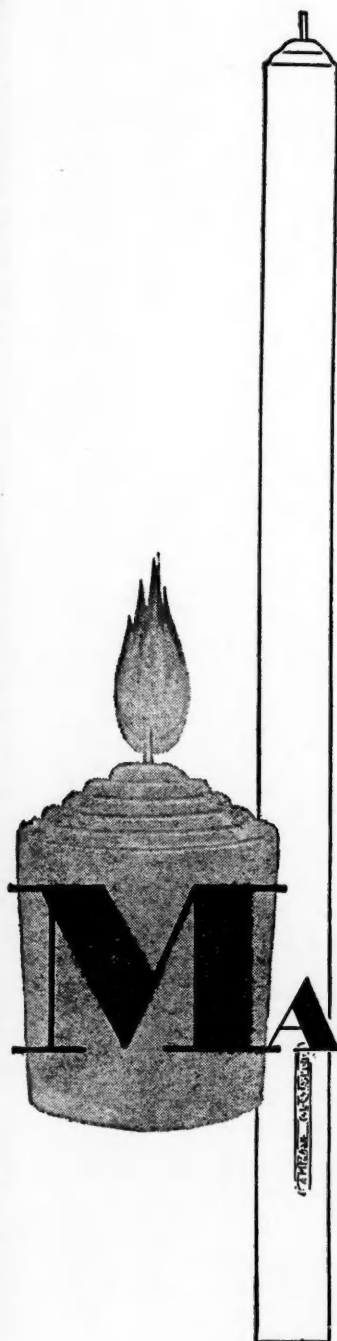
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planations. The chapters on the crisis of individualism and spiritual autobiographies are treated in the best Freudian tradition. To Guerard, Gide is a psychological novelist of the first rank and a "demoralizer" of unquestionable sincerity.

Gide's cult of man as the measure of all, of man as the center of the universe, makes the study of his life and works a singularly interesting and uninspiring experience. That a man of his rich talents could live eighty-two years constantly seeking and not finding the true meaning of life is a particularly arresting example of an intellectual's failure as a human being. Maritain, Du Bos, Jammes, Mauriac and Claudel were always concerned about Gide's soul, but Claudel finally gave up and wrote, in 1947: "I will not admit that he has any talent . .

He has given a horrible example of cowardice and weakness . . . He is a poisoner, I say it advisedly. How many letters haven't I received from young sinners. You will always find Gide at the beginning of their progress toward evil."

PIERRE COURTINES

THE IRON MISTRESS

By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday. 404p. \$3.50

This is the seventh novel by Mr. Wellman, who has also published three volumes of history dealing with the southwestern region of the United States, and it is a competent albeit episodic fictionalized biography of James Bowie, designer and master-wielder of the fighting and throwing knife named for

him. The adventures of Bowie in the Louisiana and Arkansas territories and in the state of Mississippi, as well as in the wide open spaces of Texas before that area became famous as the home of Ranger, oil-tycoon and cattle-king, and likewise a state of the United States, are thrilling enough to satisfy the most avid reader of "westerns."

A man with a sharp eye, a huge muscular build, with a penchant for fighting with a knife—even in such close quarters and fantastic circumstances as being locked in a windowless room with a master of the sword, nailed by the britches to a log with his opponent, or with left wrists lashed together—Bowie was also a gambler of no mean ability. You might think that he was also a devil with the ladies; but he seems to have been enamored of only two: Judalon de Bornay, who married Philippe de Cabanal for position and family reasons; and Ursula de Veramendi, daughter of the vice-governor of Texas under Mexican rule. Bowie marries Ursula, becoming a Catholic to do so, not only for the sake of marriage, but also because he was attracted to the faith. He crosses the path of John James Audubon, Sam Houston, John Austin, and dies in the defense of the Alamo.

The "Iron Mistress" of the title is his special knife, made by James Black, a smith of Washington, Arkansas, who melted down a piece of meteoric steel with the more terrestrial iron, according to Mr. Wellman's fancy, giving the original Bowie knife a quality no other could have. A better than average novel of sound historical background, *The Iron Mistress* pleases also by being commendable to all, without hedging about language, moral attitudes, or situations.

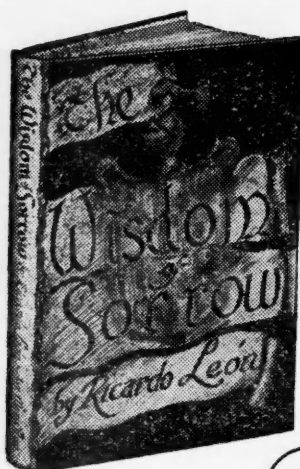
R. F. GRADY

THE DARK AND THE DAMP

By Jock Wilson. Dutton. 256p. \$3

In 1918, when Jock Wilson was twenty, he sent some poems to Harriet Monroe. After pointing out the defects in his verse, she told him to keep writing because literature was waiting for the coal miner—not the writer who went into the mine, but "the man who came from the mine with the whole story." The young man followed her advice and now, more than thirty years later, he has produced a book which is an unusual reading experience.

Coal miners have been romanticized for the dangers and tragedies that constitute their occupational hazards; they have been maligned for their bitter fights on the labor front. Jock Wilson's miners are neither economic villains nor romantic heroes; they are men, lusty and hard-working, with strongly individual natures, a common hatred of injustice, a powerful group loyalty—and pungent vocabularies.



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The book is rewarding on so many levels that it is hard to indicate its scope. First of all, it is good autobiography, neither sentimental nor self-pitying. Wilson's story could have been told in bitterness and angry protest, and it would not have rung so true as this faithful memory of the boy who had to leave school reluctantly, give up his carefree ramblings with his hound to go into the mine at the age of thirteen. He felt important but he sensed his loss, and he experienced sharply the cold, the dark, the weariness, the gases which stank and the more insidious ones which didn't. He came to know, too, the companionship of his father as work partner, as well as the courage, rough humor and essential goodness of most of his fellow-miners.

From the riches of a retentive memory, Wilson has selected carefully, thus enabling the reader to watch his growth—at school, in the mine, with his family, relaxing with his friends, taking up boxing, struggling to continue his schooling, playing football, joining the Marines for a brief spell, and always writing. And out of all this a very real person takes shape.

But it is the mine itself which will grip the reader's attention the fastest and stay in his mind the longest. Jock Wilson knows coal mines and miners, and he imparts his knowledge with sharp detail, humorous sidelights and that genuine sharing of experience which is the hallmark of good writing.

MARY STACK MCNIFF

From the Editor's shelf

STRANGE GIFT, by Adelyn Bushnell (Coward-McCann. \$3). The heroine of the story is a simple, sincere and attractive girl whose most extraordinary gift is her ability to see dramatic events in the future. A small Maine town and its characters and a previsioned murder make up the plot. Reviewer *Joseph R. N. Maxwell* warns that a book of this type taxes a reader's credulity, and though he finds it well done, does not think it equals the author's better Maine novel, *Tide Rode*.

THE LIEUTENANT MUST BE MAD, by Hellmut Kirst. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace. \$3). Lt. Strick, a German infantry officer, is assigned to a small garrison town as National Socialist Guidance Officer. Acting under SS directives but hating nazism and the war, the lieutenant mobilizes everything in the area in a spirit of mocking vengeance. He finally joins the resistance movement in its last conspiracy to assassinate Hitler. *William F. DeMeyer* found the style terse, and some comedy in the lieutenant's private de-nazification operations.

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THE WORD

"Shouldst not thou also have had pity on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?" (Matthew 18:33 XXI Sunday after Pentecost).

Peter was always asking our Lord questions. "Though he was not yet the Shepherd," said St. John Chrysostom, "he had the heart of a shepherd. Though he was not yet established in the supreme rule, he was showing the care that belongs to a ruler solicitous for the entire world." And so, said the great Father of the Eastern Church, Peter was showing his anxiety for our salvation when he asked our Lord how often we should forgive a brother who offends us.

Peter thought that seven times would be a fair limit to our mercy. Our Lord answered that we should forgive as often as seventy times seven. In other words, don't set any limits. Don't keep an account of others' offenses but be ready to forgive even as our Father in heaven, who is merciful without regard to the greatness or number of our sins.

It is dangerous to store up in our minds the memory of the wrongs done to us. It not only imperils our mental health but puts in jeopardy our eternal welfare. "If offenses have to be remembered, then only our own should be remembered." Such was the wise counsel of St. John Chrysostom in his sermon on this gospel. "If we are mindful of our own offenses we shall never add up in our minds the offenses of others."

Multiply petty human offenses 490 times and you still won't even approach the debt incurred by us through one serious sin against God. The gravity of a deliberate offense is measured by the dignity of the one offended. The child that strikes his brother is not as guilty as the one that dares to raise his hand against his father. The creature who seriously rebels against the Creator incurs a debt which he could never repay unless God's mercy intervened. Crushing as the burden of debt we owe to God may seem to us, He will lift it if we are willing to do the same for our fellow creatures.

JOHN J. SCANLON, S.J.

REV. FREDERICK A. HARKINS, S.J.
formerly taught Religion at
Weston College, Weston, Mass.
ROBERT WILBERFORCE is with the
British Information Service.

FILMS

THE WELL blends two headline newspaper stories—a small girl falling into an abandoned well and an incipient race riot—and in photographic reporting style examines a small town in their grip. The resultant film, written, produced and directed in close cooperation by Clarence Greene, Leo Popkin and Russell Rouse and exemplifying the new order of intelligently made, starless, low-cost movies, doesn't quite come off, but for *adults* it packs an undeniable emotional wallop. In the story the child in the well is a Negro. Before her whereabouts are discovered suspicion for her disappearance centers on a white man who is a stranger in town. This switch on the usual interracial atrocity story sets off a series of minor incidents which are rapidly snowballing into a full-scale race riot when suddenly the child's real plight is learned. Thereupon the very men who have been enthusiastically preparing to destroy their neighbors turn to risking life and limb in a mechanically skillful and visually fascinating rescue effort. As a commentary on the irony of human behavior the picture couldn't be more apt. Its efficacy as a plea for interracial justice is less certain. It raises the problem in the ugly and graphic terms of the race riot which cries aloud for a solution based on justice and then resolves it rather unsatisfactorily, both for the audience and the characters involved, on the lower level of sentiment. Also the picture, for all the reportorial realism of its approach, is not very credible as a whole. Nonetheless it is worth seeing for its sincerity of purpose and its fresh and genuinely cinematic technique. (United Artists)

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY. One of Nevil Shute's rambling, likeable excursions into story-telling has been converted into a rambling, likeable movie. Its hero (James Stewart) is the proverbial, absent-minded scientist who might conceivably cope with life satisfactorily with the help of a wife to mother him but who is quite possibly more in need of a keeper. In any case the gentleman has worked out a theory on mental fatigue which predicts that the tail piece on a certain type of airplane will disintegrate after a specified number of flying hours. The story gets under way when he discovers in the middle of a transatlantic flight that by his calculations the plane on which he is traveling is scheduled to fall apart before it

reaches Gander, Newfoundland. This hectic premise is resolved with a fair amount of plausibility and suspense and the picture happily retains both Shute's fair-minded view of the conflicts between scientific theorizing and the necessities of workaday business policies and his optimistic but un-mawkish view of human nature. Marlene Dietrich and Glynis Johns are decorative as a movie actress and an airline stewardess respectively, in whom Stewart brings out the mother instinct. (20th Century-Fox)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE is a reasonably faithful adaptation of Tennessee Williams' play and I found it thoroughly distasteful. It is rather foolish to deny that in its way the picture is well done. Vivien Leigh's performance as the faded, impoverished, alcoholic and once promiscuous southern aristocrat struggling to keep her sanity and find some measure of security and peace is extraordinarily resourceful and touching. And the rest of the cast—Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, Karl Malden—is equally good, the writing often eloquent and the direction impressive. It is also beside the point to dismiss the film as sordid and depressing because so are many aspects of life which are the legitimate concern of playwrights. But a story of life as it is should also reflect at least implicitly the author's vision of life as it should be. If Williams here reflects any philosophy of life beyond a morbid and rather adolescent preoccupation with sex it eluded this spectator. He has a commendable pity for his characters and regard for their dignity as human beings but he lacks both the faith and hope that would give them validity and meaning. (Warner) MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

BORSCHT CAPADES. Chances are that as the season grows older better integrated and more important productions will come to Broadway, but it is doubtful if any audience will have more fun than the people who have been laughing their heads off at the Royale the past two weeks. As if to distinguish his show from its competitor, the American-Yiddish Revue around the corner at the Holiday, Hal Zeiger, the producer, bills *Borscht Capades* as an English-Yiddish Revue. The distinction does not matter a great deal, since neither production is properly a revue, but slightly disguised vaudeville.

Borscht Capades is very good vaudeville, although some oldtimers might miss the trained seals and acrobats. It has lively music, four or five female singers with good voices and an abundance of capable comedians of both sexes. While a great deal of the comedy is delivered in Yiddish, enough spills over into English to provide sufficient merriment for the minority of Gentiles in the audience. Besides, even the intramural humor, to which only the Jewish majority is privy, is not wholly unrewarding. In this harassed and badgered world, it is good to see so many people having so much fun at one time.

I have been rather intimate with a considerable number of Jews over the past thirty years, but have always been more interested in their scholars,

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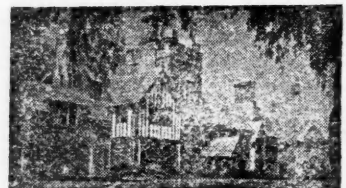
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musicians and good things to eat than in their colloquial humor. I am beginning to regret the oversight.

Since what I like best about any musical show is music, it is only natural that I should tab the Barry Sisters the outstanding feature of the production. Their act is called "Yiddish Swing," which apparently is not much different from the swing music of lower Basin Street. The girls are a pair of comely contraltos who sing mostly in English, concluding with a chorus of "Come Ona My House" in Yiddish. In their version of the Saroyan lyric, the lovelorn damsel, after failing to lure her young man with fruits and confections, really turns the heat on by promising him delicacies of Kosher cuisine.

Dave Barry, the Professor of Fractured Yiddish, is a superior zany who asserts that neither half of his broken Yiddish can be understood. In fact, he declares, he cannot understand it himself. Nevertheless, he quickly has the members of the audience holding their stomachs and rocking in their seats, and I saw one man literally bumping his head on the back of the seat in front of him.

Patsy Abbott is a lass who knows how to handle a comical song and Phil Foster a lad with a droll style for gags. Mr. Foster and Mickey Katz, the latter in larger letters, are the featured performers in the production. Mr. Katz also directed.

The playbill gives Charles Elson credit for the settings and lights. Ted Adair directed the dances, for which Joseph Rumshinsky composed special music. That their contributions are undistinguished hardly matters. There is so much fun in the show that hardly anybody will bother to look at the scenery.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

PARADE

A STEADY BARRAGE OF STRESSES and strains pounded on human nervous systems throughout the week. . . . Few, if any, walks of life escaped the barrage. . . . Alarm spread through operating rooms. . . . In a Boston hospital, patients coming out of anesthesia were frightened by the loud-speaker's refrain: "Calling Gabriel, Calling Gabriel." Nurses reassured the patients by explaining that the call was not for the angel Gabriel but for a new hospital barber of the same name. . . . People felt frustrated. . . . In Sacramento, Cal., an elderly citizen took the test for a driver's license. During the test, he hit three parked cars in quick

succession, then smashed into a policeman on a motorcycle. . . . Strange goings-on were reported at weddings. . . . As a marriage ceremony in Raymond, N. H., got under way, the bridegroom fainted. Seconds later, the best man also passed out. Both were revived, gotten back on their feet. The ceremony then continued. . . . Some of the backgrounds hammered by stress and strain gave off the smell of history, as famous names of the long-ago appeared in the ultra-modern setting of highway wrecks. . . . In Suffolk, Va., a Lincoln car driven by John Wilkes Booth, 3rd, collided with a Kaiser driven by John Quincy Adams.

Other types of background were represented. . . . The well-known fact that long-cherished ambitions may ceaselessly elude one's grasp was once more demonstrated in Canton, O. A 485-pound citizen there, whose fondest wish for years had been to sit in a bathtub, finally got sufficient money to build himself an outsize tub. He squeezed into the tub; then got stuck, could not wriggle. It took three men and forty-five minutes to pop him loose. . . . The week's strains manifested a wide diversity of pattern. . . . In Duluth, Minn., a householder was awakened at four in the morning by the ringing of his doorbell. After slipping on his bathrobe, he fell down the stairs, sustained slight injuries. At the door, two policemen told him they had rung his bell by mistake. The householder sued the city. . . . Professional men were affected by the trend. . . . In Franklin, Ind., a small boy in a dentist's chair, informed that the treatment might hurt a little, bit and broke the dentist's finger. . . . Governments were perturbed. . . . In Paris, authorities could not find anyone willing to be a Resident Governor of a district on the French Ivory Coast. The former governor was eaten by cannibals. . . . Social storms struck at nations. . . . In Guatemala, the courts were closed by a strike of judges for higher pay.

Into every life, here below, some stress and some strain must fall. . . . All men realize this. . . . Not so well realized, however, is the existence of another district in the universe where there is neither stress nor strain. . . . It is in the power of all men now living on earth to reach and enter this area. . . . Jesus Christ personally set up an agency, known as the Catholic Church, for the very purpose of teaching men the right road to this area, and of giving them His sacramental help along the way. . . . No man who does what the Catholic Church tells him to do can fail to reach and enter this area—the area of the Universe known as Heaven.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics in commie unions

EDITOR: In your issues of September 15 and 29 you ask why loyal Americans continue to belong to Communist-led unions. Most persons who have lived with the problem would give two main answers, which lead to the same conclusion.

First, it is difficult to convince workers that their union is Communist-controlled, unless there is a strong well-organized local opposition to point out the significant facts. When the Communist leadership is able and effective on strictly union matters (as was often the case with UE), the workers are still more reluctant to believe charges against them.

Secondly, Communist labor leaders remain entrenched in power by shrewd machine-politics methods, which tend to stifle and demoralize any opposition. The rank-and-file must be given training and leadership to fight off such a machine.

The conclusion from these points is that the struggle has to be primarily local. It cannot be carried on from national headquarters, except to the extent that organizers can be sent in to carry on a long-range project of education and organization. The campaign itself cannot be merely negative (anti-Communist). It must be positive, based on union issues and offering a competent alternative leadership. You cannot beat somebody with nobody.

The Church can help through consistent local social-action work, especially through labor schools. Last-minute appeals by churchmen, through sermons, leaflets, etc., are rarely effective, even in the short run. They solve no long-run problems of providing good leadership to replace Communists or their tools.

REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.
Assistant Director
Dept. of Social Action,
NCWC.

Washington, D. C.

Readers can help

EDITOR: The point made by W. B. Read of Stanford University Libraries (AM. 9/15, p. 584)—that Catholic readers are very largely to blame for the inadequate representation of Catholic books and journals in virtually all libraries not under Catholic auspices—cannot be emphasized too often nor too strongly.

If Catholic readers were more alert, if they intelligently recommended

Catholic books for acquisition and then took pains to see that such titles were actually read by at least a few individuals, our problem would soon find an easy solution.

Here is an almost virgin field for our Catholic college graduates to till and develop. Through their parish connections they are in a favorable position to make a genuine contribution to the spread of Catholic literature and a no less distinctive contribution to parish development. "Committees of one" can do yeoman work that will be very rewarding.

HENRY H. REGNET, S.J.

Librarian

Rockhurst College
Kansas City, Mo.

The scandal of Cicero

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate AMERICA on publishing William Gremley's "The scandal of Cicero" (8/25). That article, I feel, represented a well thought out and well documented discussion of the June 8 race riot there. Such forthright analyses of social evils are what we need.

HORST A. AGERTY, M. D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR: I think AMERICA deserves great credit for publishing its comments and William Gremley's article on the Cicero riots (7/28; 8/25), just as the *Commonweal* deserves great credit for the editorial and articles it has published on the subject.

It is indeed heartening to read such two outstanding Catholic weeklies taking a positive stand for right, even though large numbers of our co-religionists were in the wrong. . . .

JOHN C. CAREY
New York, N. Y.

Bigotry backfires

EDITOR: Reviewer J. M. O'Neill (AM. 8/25/51, p. 502) is so right. The last remark of his review of James H. Nichols' *Democracy and the Churches*, that Protestantism will ultimately suffer because of the stark ignorance and ineluctable prejudice of men like Mr. Nichols, is even now being borne out. Two weeks ago I received into the Church a former Protestant who, in part, was driven away from Protestantism and towards Catholicism because of the mean attitudes and narrow prejudices of Protestant friends.

PETER M. DUNNE, S.J.
San Francisco, Calif.